



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

EX-ALDERMAN THOMAS CRAWFORD, M.P.P., for many years has been a "probable" candidate for Mayor. He is a favorite of the political party which is dominant in this city, and he appears to be a favorite of the people. When a mayoralty candidate is being suggested each year about October or November, the name of ex-Alderman Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., crops up with a regularity which is concurrent with the season. Popularity is a thing that we cannot very well analyze, but why every year this city of two hundred thousand people should visit the cattle-byres of West Toronto in search of a mayoralty candidate, has puzzled me. It does not seem reasonable that the popular impulse of so great a city should always and sincerely turn to the cattle market in order to procure a proper chief magistrate. I am not speaking disrespectfully of ex-Alderman Crawford, because I am quite willing to confess, as a great many of us who probably have now no association with cattle, must confess, that they have cleaned out cattle-stables and milked cows, and performed, at some time, the chambermaid duties of the cattle-yard. Of course this neither prevents nor attracts deputations in search of a mayor. We are probably all waiting to be served with notice that some section of the city desires that we should be a candidate. Some of us are looking despairingly out of the window because no deputation appears. We may as well recognize the fact that these terrible disappointments make us seem harsh in our judgments of those who are continually being invited and never see fit to accept. Ex-Alderman Crawford has been invited so often, and has refused so frequently, that I ask the permission of this meeting, informally gathered, to expunge the name of ex-Alderman Crawford from the list of future candidates. I do not know that anything more should be said.

YEARS ago a young man appeared on the public platform and displayed himself as an author and as the leader of a new cult. He was born of good parents, had a lovely mother and a beautiful wife. His display of himself was intended to be ridiculous to the extent of making money for him and the managers of his lecture tour. He went through the Anglo-Saxon world with an immense sunflower in his button-hole, with silk stockings and "knickers," and a gait which was intended to indicate a marvellous devotion to art. The person was absurd, yet a large section of the community which regards itself as being proper people took him up and made the most of him, and his lipspings and trippings across the floor were all noted as being the marks of an unusual man.

A few days ago he died in Paris in a squalid flat. There are many reasons outside of his conviction of an unmentionable offence against morality, why his name should not be heralded as one who has made a success of life. Nevertheless, it seems to me that those who chronicle public events should not omit to record the good which this man did. It was he who taught the people of the world to respect the fact that a thing was not necessarily expensive in order to be good. On the lecture platform and in his books he inculcated the idea that a thing could be simple and beautiful. His personal appearance and his contact with the nobility of Great Britain is a matter of no consequence whatever as compared with what he did for art. He wrote a book, in fact he wrote several books, but in this book that I am remembering he made the blase Lord Henry responsible for the expression that "the easiest way to overcome a temptation is to yield to it." Of course this is the lowest class of morals, but men who can write epigrams have a great effect upon the morals of others. It is not quite right to wipe a man off the slate without some sort of a recognition of his good deeds, or of the brilliant things that he has thought or done.

It is generally conceded that at the end of this man's life he—under concealment—wrote an extremely clever play, which has been presented with great success in London. It may be of benefit to us to notice that he died in poverty and loneliness, unforgotten by man or womankind, and it is proper that this should be recorded. People are willing to forgive the mistakes which men make because of their procreative faculty, but no one can forgive, or should be asked to forgive, those terrible things which have not even the temptation of the other sex as their excuse.

NO matter how the party managers may endeavor to evade the responsibility which is certain to be thrust upon them, the people of this country must make up their minds whether they intend to favor the maintenance and management of public services as a part of the duty of the citizen. Of course if the citizen decides that he is unfit because of his inexperience or a general tendency to do wrong, he should favor the continuance by corporations or syndicates of that service which is intended for him and for which he must pay. There is no reason why the citizens of a place of the size of Toronto should not have a gas service which will be as much under their control as the domestic furnace which supplies heat. The public are at the present moment invited to decide whether they shall own this gas service or continue to pay the Consumers' Gas Company. Individually every ratepayer and householder could be relied upon to do the proper thing. I cannot remember of any citizen who has ever invented a scheme of turning the gas meter back or robbing this money-making corporation of that which our by-laws permit them to collect. The trouble seems to be that the ratepayer is not sure whether the Mayor, or the Board of Control, or the Commissioners, or whoever he might elect, would manage the project properly, were he to favor municipal management. Of course this is a proposition which everybody must decide for himself. Nevertheless, each man who decides that he cannot manage this business is writing himself down as more or less of an ass. If we fail to do public things properly, it is because we individually either neglect our duty or have insufficient judgment to select proper people to attend to it. It strikes me that our gas rates would not be very much higher, and we might be very much better served if we attend to the job ourselves. Still, it is possible that the Consumers' Gas Corporation is doing better work than we can do. We are confronted with a proposition which means a decision with regard to our own ability, and no one can argue us away from this standpoint. We have managed to supply ourselves with water to the satisfaction of everybody. Would the taking on of the gas supply or the telephone system paralyze us?

I haven't at hand any exact statement of how many telephones are in use in Toronto, but the number cannot be much less than six or eight thousand. The people who are using these telephones are taxpayers, and know how badly they are being used by the Bell Telephone Company. If they combine, that is to say if every subscriber to the Bell telephone system agrees to take a civic telephone and throw the other out, the original company will be absolutely crucified. Here is a case when everybody knows who everybody else in the scheme is, when we can punish an impu-

dent corporation in proper shape. If we fear trivial inconvenience sufficiently to reject the municipal system rather than have the relief, we certainly deserve to go on suffering from the class of treatment which the Bell Telephone Company is giving the people of Toronto. The people should not be afraid that they cannot beat the Bell Telephone Company. It is not very long ago that we had no telephone at all, and we got along without it, and we can get along without it again. We can suffer the small embarrassments of a dual system, or a limited system, with probably more good nature than we suffer the treatment that the average citizen gets at the telephone. It may be that we have enough enterprises in hand to lead us away from the civic telephone system. It is not possible that we could suffer from any greater irritation than the Bell telephone system has become. We should relieve ourselves from it by having a system of our own. If we refuse to do this we are simply displaying again in a very distinct way that we are afraid to try to attend to our own business.

SENATOR FULFORD has recorded his particulars in his slander suit against Hon. N. Clarke Wallace. These particulars recount the statement of the ex-Minister of Customs that Mr. Fulford paid \$50,000 to be given a seat in the Upper Chamber. Mr. Fulford, as we all know, is the proprietor of a patent medicine which has had a large sale throughout the civilized world—the civilized

We see things happening which are not quite within the view of optimists, and we simply mark an enquiry as to whether these things should be. We recollect that there have been many efforts made by men and women, and—let us speak it reverently—God himself, to make this world good. Sometimes these efforts seem, collectively and individually, to fail. Whom are we to blame but ourselves? If we have the materials in our hands and do not work the thing out right, we must not try to place the fault on the shoulders of somebody else. That it is not working out right is quite true, yet being a faultfinder is the poorest situation in which we can be discovered.

THEY are crying for a man in the University. In our kitchens, housewives are crying for a woman. A great deal might be said on this subject, but enough to set people thinking is contained in the declaration that somehow or other we are working on a wrong proposition which provides us with neither the "leading" man nor the "serving" woman.

AS a person who makes his living by being observant of the events of the town, I would suggest that Toronto might very well close up its churches, public schools, High schools, private colleges, and all the educational things to which we are contributing so largely, for one year, in order to let the preachers, the priests, and teachers, and

all these churches, and schools, and universities, and colleges, are not undertaking a responsibility which is not being cared for. Is the individual citizen alone to bear all the cost of what trouble arises from being truthful or at least faithful to some vanished ideal?

If we are not getting anything out of these things we might as well close them up; and though the proposition is not made seriously, yet I think the average citizen will admit that the experiment might not be without good results. Every citizen is weary of tax-paying. Everyone, father, or mother, or sister, or brother, is anxious to produce good results, but if we are working on a system that does not produce good results, then we ought to know it and drop the system.

Once in a while a man makes a great deal of money. Every day we hear complaints of those who are making money getting more than their share. Isn't it possible that newspapers in which these complaints appear every day are not making money, but they are crucifying the men who would like to be in sight and do right. Because a thing is evidently and permanently wrong, that should not end the discussion of it, nor should those who are doing wrong be permitted to pursue their business unmolested. If this is generally accepted, why of course we must pursue our business with open schools and open churches and widely circulated newspapers as accessories to the business of exalting Barabbas when we have a choice to make.

I am not sure that Barabbas has been properly described to us by historians. He may have been a very respectable and patriotic person, and a promoter. It is certain that he was popular in Jerusalem, and what is evident to us is that after two thousand years of education, and great attempts at culture, we still prefer Barabbas. It is quite immaterial whether we openly take the standpoint of the friends of Barabbas, or whether we really do so, and yet pretend to occupy the standpoint of Christ.

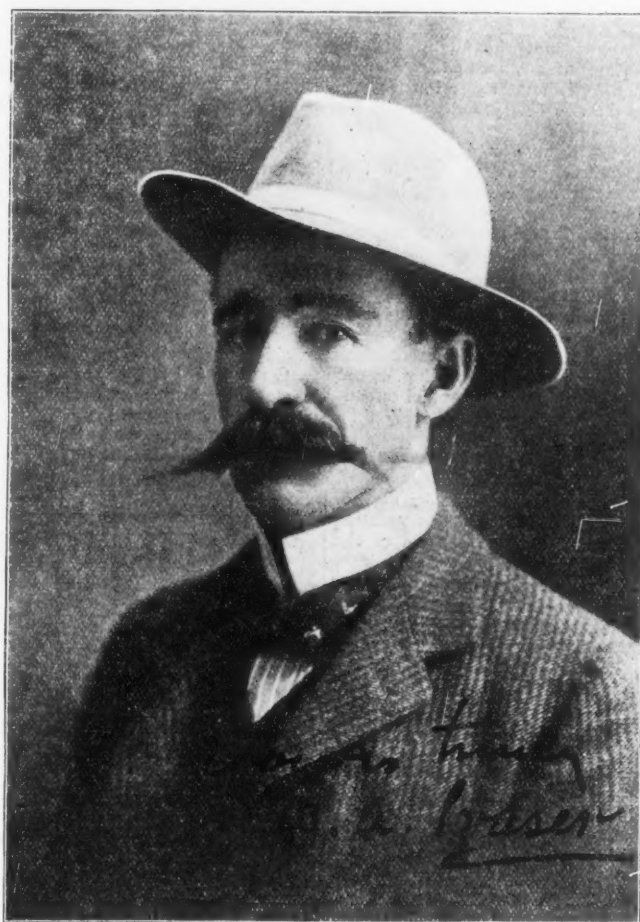
AN interesting but not surprising sidelight is thrown on party methods prevalent in Canada by the decision of the Ontario Conservatives not to hold a convention, for the alleged reason that it is inadvisable to commit the party to a definite platform, and for the additional alleged reason that impolitic things might be said by individual delegates for which the whole party would be held responsible. If Mr. Whitney and his lieutenants are fighting for any principle and not merely for the spoils of office, why should they be afraid to enunciate that principle in clear, unambiguous terms, and wage their fight upon it in every constituency from one end of the Province to another? The Opposition have veered from point to point until nobody has the faintest idea whither they are steering. If they win in the next conflict it will be owing to the faults of the Government and not to the merits of Mr. Whitney and his nebular policy. The Conservatives are taking long odds in expecting to be successful on the score of the Government's shortcomings. The result in this Province in the recent Dominion contest is no indication of a similar result with a different arrangement of constituencies and on different issues. The Opposition do not want to fight fair, but will attack the Government upon any or all points, and with regard to local exigencies. This may look like a promising formation for attack. So it looked to Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., but the result of that gentleman's encounter with the electorate rather goes to show that it will take a cleverer person than Mr. J. P. Whitney to play the role of a lightning-change artist with success.

THE system of four-dollar banquets to people who are presumed to have rendered some public service, is becoming objectionable. Colonel Otter is coming home, and he is to be given a banquet for which four dollars per capita is to be charged. Personally, I am quite willing to pay the four dollars, and yet I am not quite sure because Colonel Otter has been dined by the Queen, and is a charming and influential person, that it is necessary I should contribute out of my hard earnings four dollars to make him feel that he is welcome in this city. There is no doubt at all about his welcome, but there is a great deal of doubt with regard to the four-dollar price being necessary to demonstrate the desire of the individual for Colonel Otter to return. I do not know that in my most vigorous days I could ever eat four dollars' worth at one sitting. Forty cents has been enough to buy me nourishment to keep me over the twenty-four hours. Why I should have to pay four dollars to welcome Colonel Otter, as a matter of nourishment, startles me.

We are welcoming Hon. Mr. Sifton on the four-dollar basis. It may be worth it, but it seems to me that we are slipping from the tent-stakes of the soldier and the civilian when we propose that every man who comes back victorious in war or politics must cost us four dollars per head. We may gather in the Pavilion and make a great deal of noise, but we could do that at four cents apiece, and it must be remembered that there are people in this city who have not four dollars to spare. We may be able to accrue nourishment to the extent of the price, but it is doubtful, and it seems to me a very great pity that welcoming our friends has been made so expensive and so unnecessarily formal.

I HAVE already commented in these columns upon the fact that an accounting of the Ottawa-Hull fire fund has been called for in England, where thousands of pounds were subscribed. Up to date I am not aware of the public having been taken into the confidence of those responsible for the administration of this money, though it is possible a report of some sort has been given. No one need be surprised, however, if it turns out either impossible or inadvisable to make public the details as to how the enormous sum of money collected for the fire sufferers was expended. Whether we have such details or not, a nasty impression is certain to be left upon the minds of our friends across the sea by this chapter in the history of Canadian mendacity. It has been stated that the fund collected many years ago for the sufferers by the great fire at St. John is still being juggled with, and provides a yearly salary of \$2,000 for some seat-warming official. If this is the case, and I shall not be surprised to learn that it is, the Ottawa-Hull fund can hardly furnish us with any surprises.

In this connection, it is worth while to consider the unenviable position in which Canada is repeatedly placed by the begging appeals of persons and organizations who ought to be ashamed to misrepresent their country abroad. The Bishop of Saskatchewan has been "called down" in the "Canadian Gazette" (published in London), for a recent begging letter asking churchmen in the Old Country to subscribe funds for some scheme or another in his diocese. The same matter also came to the fore lately in a Scotch Presbyterian Church does not maintain its own home missions, though many of its congregations pay larger salaries to ministers than are paid in Scotland, and carry on their worship on a more elaborate and expensive scale than would be thought of in the land of cakes. A case was recently



The latest portrait of Mr. W. A. Fraser,
(Author of "Mooswa of the Boundaries." See p. 14.)

world being, apparently, the only locality in which patent medicines are merchantable. Mr. Wallace would seem to be in rather a tight box, because the gentleman who got the \$50,000 is unlikely to disclose himself, even if Mr. Fulford paid him that amount. It is to be hoped that senatorships are not sold at even these high prices to those who have the money to pay, but if, as it has been alleged, seats in the Upper Chamber are disposed of on this purely commercial basis, it would be well to have the thing understood. If senatorships can be bought, it would be obviously unwise for young men to endeavor to obtain such situations by party or public service. The legal investigation which is likely to ensue is one that Canada will watch with interest.

ATENDER for the construction of a Pacific cable which is to be entirely British, has been accepted. It is to be nine thousand miles long and to cost nearly £2,000,000, which means about \$10,000,000. It is said that Canada prevented this scheme from being destroyed by the agents of corporations who had to do with rival enterprises. If so, Canada has done a great work for the Empire, and without doubt Hon. William Mulock must be credited with having kept this system of inter-British communication in mind. He it was who established the penny postage, and it is a matter which all well-informed Canadians and Britishers will remember, that he has never forgotten for a moment the proposition for an altogether British cable connecting the Empire. A great many smaller enterprises have, and have had, interests with which the Imperial cable will interfere. They have all been busy fighting the idea, and that they have been defeated is another proof of Canadian pertinacity and ability.

TO be an optimist and believe that the good thing is sure to happen because things were created so that good things should happen, is, without doubt, the proper attitude of those who watch the progress of human events.

editors out to grass. Probably if they got on the soil and were nibbling the succulent product of Mother Nature's rural bosom they would get some ideas of which at present they are destitute. It would not be extraordinary nor a departure from the history of the race to take one year out of our system and enable those who are too closely confined to their duties to get a proper conception of what they are for. Supposing we could save a million dollars by closing up churches and schools for a year, and that that million dollars could be expended in Muskoka, or Nipissing, or Algoma, or some of the regions which are being explored, and which probably by capitalists are being exploited! We have got a little too far away from the real meaning of the Good Thing, or the Better Thing, or the Real Thing, whatever it was, that translators have given us in the Scripture when Mary and Martha tried to do the right thing, and the one who did all the cooking was told that it was not what woman was for. If we only had this twelve months' rest, this three hundred and sixty-five days when there would be no school, no preaching, no anything, we might get back to the neighborhood of those who intended to do right. Of course no such thing will happen, but we would not be any poorer, or less happy if such a thing did happen.

As an alternative proposition, the churches might be kept open every day and have periods of prayer which would last twelve or fifteen hours; it would reduce the flesh and affluence of some of the people who have charge of these things for which somebody pays. It is quite possible that the preachers and priests would cheerfully do the praying and occupy the time so as to benefit everyone who came near them; I have no doubt of this. But the fact remains that this is not being done, and that this particular paper will have to settle for a large bill of costs for speaking the truth about an output of one of these tabernacles.

It is quite proper that all these things should be arranged so that the one who undertakes the responsibility must bear the expense, but we all have a right to enquire whether

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brought to my notice in which a young clergyman who had come here from the Old Country, and was serving a small field adjoining one of the most wealthy and progressive towns in Ontario, sent hundreds of printed begging letters to his friends across the ocean, asking for contributions to build a new church. If the facts had been known to the people approached, I venture to say not one shilling would have been forthcoming, for a new church is entirely unnecessary in the place, and now that one is erected, it is doubtful if it can be decently supported. This is the kind of thing that is always going on. One church is not more guilty than another. Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Roman Catholic, and, I dare say, many of the smaller denominations, have contracted the habit of begging in the old lands for so-called mission work in Canada, incidentally representing us as a poverty-stricken people and placing us in the detestable role of a mendicant colony. Now is Canada the only British dependency guilty of this kind of thing. Attention has recently been called in the English press to an appeal from the Bishop of Brisbane for subscriptions. The people of Great Britain are getting tired of these incessant buccannering expeditions, and are commencing to say that if Canada and Australia are nations, as they claim to be, they ought to have more self respect than to accept charity at the hands of their relatives.

The mendicant spirit, however, has worked deeper into our national life than the incessant begging of churches and the opening of all sorts of relief funds would indicate. Right here at home we are becoming a prey to the promoter of subscription lists to an alarming extent. Every time anybody performs a worthy feat for which no reward should be asked, except the consciousness of duty done, along comes the subscription promoter, with a proposition for the presentation of a cash testimonial, a gold watch, a banquet or something of the kind. We overlook the fact that it is not the self-respecting and worthy person in need who is willing to be made the object of charity, and that nothing is more repulsive to the properly-constituted individual than to be the recipient of the patronizing gifts of strangers. As a rule, the honest poor prefer to suffer rather than beg, and the mendicant class is largely composed of those who ought not to be assisted. The same thing holds good amongst those who are the recipients of public testimonials. To those who are really worthy of honor, it is most distasteful to be placed by their admirers in the position of the mendicant. I venture to say that scores of the young fellows who fought in South Africa were humiliated by the money and presents forced into their hands as the price for their patriotism.

It is high time that Canadians balked at the conduct of their churches in going to the Mother Country to represent them as paupers who cannot take care of their own spiritual welfare, or as heathen who will not do so. And it is also high time that we had less of the banquet and gold watch business at home.

MARK TWAIN'S best bon mot since returning to America is his definition of a good citizen as an "unclassified policeman." This utterly serious saying will probably live as long as Mark's best jokes.

MONTREAL despatch, last week, stated: "Enormous crowds gathered to-day to view the testimonial to Queen Victoria from the girls and boys of Canada. The beautiful testimonial is contained in the largest album ever produced on this side of the Atlantic, containing thousands of photographs, over one hundred thousand names of juvenile subscribers to the sixpenny soldiers fund and a draft for upwards of sixteen thousand dollars. In the testimonial the children pay a high tribute to Lord Minto, Governor-General, and Lord Strathcona."

As an example of the self-advertising schemes resorted to by newspaper proprietors, the above is interesting, if not elevating. Newspapers have been, perhaps, the chief offenders in the promotion of national mendacity, for every time there is the slenderest excuse for opening a subscription list, certain well-known papers are sure to start one rolling—the motive as a rule being entirely one of self-glorification. There are papers in Canada—and we have one or two of them right here in Toronto—that have acquired a reputation for this species of advertisement. But the scheme of the Montreal journal is even more objectionable. Aside from the questionable procedure of extracting pennies from school children for all kinds of purposes, it is wrong to foster vanity in youngsters by leading them to suppose that their autographs and pictures are to be examined and treasured up by the Queen, when as a matter of fact Her Majesty will never see more than the outside of the album, if she sees that. The Governor-General and Lord Strathcona are doubtless very worthy personages, but a high tribute paid to them by several thousands of school children is about as worthless a tribute as can be imagined, and the whole proceeding is laughable and absurd.

HOW are the mighty fallen! Here is a New York paper's comment on the demolition of the Dewey arch: "Take it down, break it into fragments, and cast it on the dirt heap. Its continuance only provokes unpleasant memories of lost opportunities, political and artistic." Any person that would have dared to utter such a sentiment but little over a year ago would probably have had his linen marked free of charge by the enthusiastic admirers of the man who was hailed as the greatest naval commander the world had ever produced.

The Ideal Newspaper.

IT has become the fashion to rail at the shortcomings of the modern newspaper. The ideal recorder of and commentator on current events is supposed to exist as yet only in the minds of the "unco' guid," and not in the world of tangible things. Rev. Mr. Sheldon thought he had the right ideal of a newspaper, and was permitted by a Kan-as City publishing firm to try his hand at working it out. But we all know that the attempt was a dreary failure—at least in so far as meeting the expectations of the readers was concerned. Now, it is the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst who is going to reform the press. He thinks the millennial journal can be produced, if the money is forthcoming, and he hints that it will be forthcoming shortly.

"Harper's Weekly" points out that the qualities which the venerable preacher enumerates as essential to perfection are one and all eminently desirable, and have for many years been recognized as such by competent editors everywhere, and in so far as they have been permitted to put them into operation on the newspapers in their control, the principles laid down as guiding ones by the eminent divine have been adopted by editors and proprietors everywhere. "Indeed, it is probable that the good doctor has unconsciously absorbed his ideals from a study of the public prints themselves, and that so far from being an iridescent dream, the perfect newspaper is actually in existence to-day, unrecognized by the bulk of us perhaps, since men's ideals differ, but none the less a concrete thing. We do not ourselves know of a newspaper which we consider wholly perfect, but we do know of plenty of newspapers which are as nearly ideal for the particular clientele they seek as they can ever hope to be, or as we can ever hope to have them. Qualities which we admire in one journal may be conspicuously absent from another, and yet the journal which lacks these particular admirable qualities may possess virtues which the first one lacks, and which would bring irretrievable ruin to the first one if it had them. As a matter of fact, in newspapers, as in everything else in this world, one must cut one's cloth to suit the occasion, and it is no more possible to settle upon a definite ideal of a newspaper for all men than it is to adopt a suit of clothes of a standard size and quality, and say that it shall fit and be becoming to everybody. A point that gentlemen like Dr. Parkhurst and others seem to forget is that newspaper proprietors are not in business for their health wholly. No doubt they would like to be, but it is an unhappy fact that the production of a daily

newspaper is an expensive affair, and as yet it has occurred to no one to place these noble instruments for the promotion of the public welfare upon the basis of an endowed university or a church. If newspapers were run by Boards of Trustees, like Yale College, for instance, or by vestries, such as they have at Trinity church, or were backed up by large and influential congregations like that which confronts Dr. Parkhurst every Sunday morning they might be able to proceed along certain arbitrarily ideal lines which would commend them to those who find little to like in the journals of the day, but we fear they would have little influence in spite of these ideal qualities. The very first thing a newspaper editor must do to be of influence in the world is to secure the ear, and through it the regard, of those to whom he speaks through the types. If he fail to do this, he may hope for no good results, financial or moral, from his efforts. It would be an absurd kindness to a lover of one of the so-called yellow journals to send him gratis the "Evening Post" or the Boston "Transcript" for a year. He would not enjoy them; would shortly cease to read them, and would remain true to the paper of his choice; and yet each of these newspapers has a distinct value to the community in which it is published; virtues which are peculiar to themselves, each its own; and an influence which would be materially lessened in every case if the methods of the one were to be adopted in the management of the others. On the whole, it is probably the fact, that it is not so much the newspapers that need to be reformed as the readers of newspapers. If readers do not care for the sensational and the vulgar things of life, they will soon cease to have them thrust upon them."

The editor of "Harper's Weekly" puts his case well, and another writer puts his perhaps even better, when he asks: "Where could enough clean and truthful money be found to endow a clean and truthful paper? Whose money can it be that Dr. Parkhurst has in mind that is so immaculate? Of course there is a good deal of clean money about, but a newspaper would take a lot, and a good many rich men would have to share the expense. There would be a group of contributing capitalists, and what any group of capitalists likes best is discretion in speech. A paper with half a million subscribers who pay three dollars apiece has in many respects a better chance to speak its mind than a paper with ten backers who pay one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each. An endowed paper would be too much like an endowed university during the lifetime of its founder. It would have to respect the prejudices of all its backers, and look out for a dozen sets of toes every time it stamped."

And yet there is no doubt that two of the cleanest, most reliable and most influential papers of the day are practically endowed papers—the New York "Evening Post" and the "Nation." The late Henry Villard, who was a German American, a railway magnate and an Independent Republican, was their proprietor, and he looked less for profits from the counting-room and more for ability, enlightenment, and the spirit of fair play in the editorial management, than perhaps any other newspaper proprietor in the United States. Mr. E. L. Godkin had been for several years conducting the "Nation" as a high-class weekly under serious difficulties, when in 1881 the great railway magnate purchased a controlling interest in that journal and the "Post," and put in unrestricted control of them Mr. Godkin, Mr. Horace White, formerly of the Chicago "Tribune," and Mr. Carl Schurz, who had just retired from President Hayes' Cabinet. The consolidated papers have endured until now, and are, each retaining its characteristics while one is also the weekly edition of the other, apparently as vigorous as they have ever been.

Yet how many rich men in Mr. Villard's position would have been as wise as he? Would not the average wealthy person who gave of his means to keep the ideal paper going, expect to be consulted in every crisis of policy, and refuse to abide by the decisions of his virtual employee, the editor?

On the whole, there seems to be more safety in having to create and consult a particular constituency, as most journals must do, than in making a paper independent of the many and amenable to some individual or board who might be no more trustworthy than the average man.

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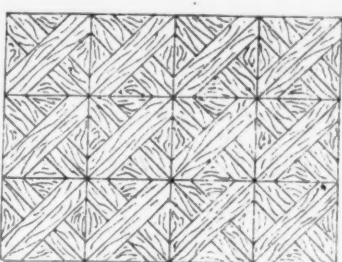
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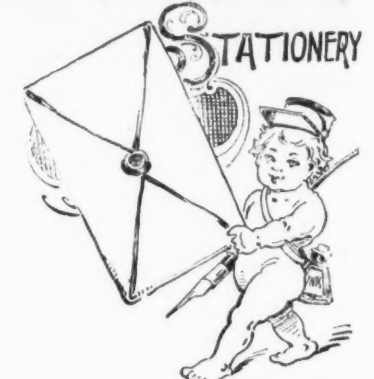
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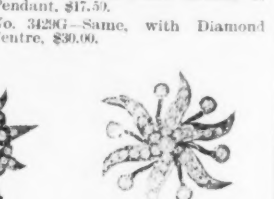
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made from finest flax grown grass bleached. At present, some extra values, as follows:

Table Cloths

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2 by 30 " \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50.
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18 by 12 yds., \$1.80, \$2.50 per doz.
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For the thrifty housekeeper these are special chances.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. C. S. Boone of East Bloor street was the hostess of a large and successful matinee euchre on Tuesday week. Mrs. Boone was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. George W. Erb of Winnipeg. The spacious and handsome drawing-rooms were profusely decorated with huge chrysanthemums. Two charming young ladies, Misses Olive Bilton and Edna Meredith, assisted gracefully and adeptly in marking for the favors, which were of handsomely decorated China, and carried off by Mrs. William Britton, Miss Wheeler and Mrs. Sparling. Among those present were Mrs. S. B. Gundy, Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Miss Kate Ross, Mrs. George R. Gray, Mrs. Charles Reid, Miss Reid, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Miss Capon, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. H. M. Ludwig, Mrs. Howard Chandler, Miss Fugley, Mrs. Charles Ritchie, Mrs. Fletcher Snider, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Jr., Mrs. J. P. Langley, Miss Ida Boone, Mrs. Gray, Miss Merrick, Mrs. Dunnett, Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. Snelgrove.

Captain and Mrs. Cartwright arrived from England last month. Mrs. Cartwright (nee Stevenson) and her husband have been visiting Dr. Stevenson, in Bloor street. Mrs. Cartwright received last Monday, and was welcomed by many old friends, who have missed her since she went to England as a bride last year.

Mr. and Mrs. George Reid have plenty of callers on Saturdays at their beautiful new home studio in the Indian road. One does not know how to sufficiently admire the noble studio, with its large nook and wide fireplace, its fine north windows and, all about, trifles precious and artistic. Mr. Reid's oaken piano, satiny-black, the lovely grain showing so finely, and panels painted beautifully, let in at either end and in front. A gallery runs across the studio opposite the windows, from which little doors open into sanctuaries unexplored by the casual visitor. The wee saute-a-manger, with its quaint oaken table and chairs, its blue jar and yellow mums, is just as artistic as heart could desire. And over all broods that sweet little artist, Mrs. Reid, pouring tea in quaint handless cups, chatting in her earnest, merry, delightful manner, and exchanging funny stories and jokes with unfailing brightness. Mr. and Mrs. Reid have never been quite so nice to know as they are now, though until one meets them in the new home, improvement wasn't deemed possible by their admiring friends.

Mrs. Charles Fuller has sold her house in Dunbar road, and has gone to live for the winter at 189 Bloor street east, where she will receive with her young people on Mondays as usual. Mr. and Mrs. Robin have purchased Mrs. Fuller's house, and will be an acquisition to Rosedale. Later on Mrs. Fuller will build in Rosedale.

The engagement of Dr. J. P. Frank Williams and Miss Mary Belle Galbraith, daughter of Dr. Galbraith of Livingstone place, Dresden, Ontario, is announced.

The Governor-General and the Countess of Minto, with Captain Bell and Captain Graham, aides in attendance, left for Ottawa on Saturday evening. At four o'clock on Saturday Lady Minto paid a visit to the Woman's Art Association rooms, in Confederation Life Building, and was received by Mrs. Dignam and the members of the Association. Lady Minto was accompanied by her hostess, Miss Mowat.



Cheat the Old Man

who carries the hour-glass and scythe. Almost since the world began people have been trying to do so, but never so successful as now.

Princess Skin Food

used before retiring, or while dressing, fills out and smooths the skin that is wrinkled and shrunk, is a flesh nutrient for thin, hollow cheeks and scrawny neck, and rejuvenates the complexion.

There's another comfort to those who wish to look as young as they really are, in spite of their grey hairs. Mrs. Graham's Hair Restorer will restore grey or faded hair to its natural colour in ten days; is harmless, clear as water, and is neither greasy nor sticky. Price \$1.50.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, etc., permanently destroyed by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Send, call, or phone for book "Health and Good Looks" and "About the Hair."

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Fancy Stoppered Bottles, each in a case, at 50c. each
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Handsome Cases, containing 1, 2 and 3 bottles of perfume, at \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00

Only the Best.

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and attended by Captain Graham, A.D.C. A handsome bouquet of red and white roses was presented to the distinguished visitor, the flowers being of the color chosen by the Association for its badges. Lady Minto took tea with the company, and admired the pretty table, done in red ribbons and white tulle and chrysanthemums, and the bright young girls who were in charge of it, and was in her most gracious mood, bestowing a gentle kiss upon the proud wee girl who presented the bouquet. Lady Minto wore a rich black gown, applique with velvet, and a turquoise velvet tongue with mink border and violets. Miss Mowat wore claret velvet, with sable trimming. Quite a number of smart people beside those connected with the Association put in an appearance at this pleasant reception before going to the big affair at Llawhaden, where most of them were due between five and six o'clock.

The various generous gifts to Varsity Museum of Biology were inspected by Lord and Lady Minto on Saturday morning, when the distinguished guests were welcomed by President and Mrs. Louden and Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright. Dr. Hoskin, Mr. Hiram Walker, Mr. A. T. Wood, Mr. Gooderham of Waverley, Mr. Tom Blackstock, Mr. Charles Millar, Mr. Davies, Mr. Flavell, Mr. Kilgour and Mr. Byron Walker are the donors.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mackay have sent out invitations to the marriage reception of their daughter, Miss Lella Mackay and Dr. William Ivan Senkler, which will take place immediately after their marriage on Wednesday, December 19, at nine o'clock in the evening. Dr. and Mrs. Senkler will receive the congratulations of their friends at "Dundonald," 591 Yonge street.

During the past year and a half over five hundred of Lynde's photos have been reproduced in leading magazines in England, France and America. Two Christmas pictures, "Sweethearts Through Life" and "Don't Cry, Mamma," are by this clever artist.

The fifth annual At Home of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons took place on Thursday evening, at the Temple Building, a report of which will be given next week.

On next Saturday afternoon Mrs. Brouse and Mrs. W. H. Brouse will give an At Home in St. George's Hall, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

This afternoon at five o'clock Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald gives an At Home at her residence, 106 Madison avenue.

On next Monday afternoon Miss Perry of 11 Walmer road gives an At Home, to which guests are invited at half-past four o'clock.

On Thursday evening the president of the Caltheath Association and Mrs. Rose gave a reception at "Bucholle," 50 Avenue road, to which friends were invited for eight o'clock.

Friends have been glad to welcome Mrs. Acton Burrows back to gay doings and to hear that she has recovered from an accident which kept her a prisoner for many weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Burrows were guests at Mrs. Lister's big reception and also at Llawhaden on Saturday.

Mrs. Curry of North street gave an afternoon tea yesterday. Mr. Morgan of "The Elms," Beverley street, has been entertaining Rev. G. L. Starr of Kingston.

Last Saturday afternoon the marriage of Mr. Robert G. Kennedy of Philadelphia and Miss Maud Hillary, daughter of the late Dr. Hillary and niece of Miss Nora Hillary, took place at "The Pines," Miss Edith Hillary was bridesmaid, and Mr. J. Little of Philadelphia was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy are spending their honeymoon in the Eastern cities, and will reside in Philadelphia.

The death of Senator MacInnes of Hamilton sends much sympathy from many Toronto friends to his family, and particularly to those members residing in this city. Mrs. A. H. Campbell of Carbrooke, and Mr. Charles MacInnes.

Next Tuesday and Wednesday Mrs. Frank W. Purdy (nee Watt) will hold her post-nuptial receptions at 2 Bellevue avenue. Mrs. Joseph Beasley will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday and Thursday next, at 12 Halton street.

Mrs. and Miss Scott of Port Hope are spending the winter in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour are going to reside in Montreal; Mr. Armour is to practice law there. The Argonaut Rowing Club gave a smart banquet in the Temple Cafe next Wednesday evening, December 12.

When one member of a family comes from an outside town to settle in Toronto, visits follow from other members, and one looks for the arrival presently of the family to settle here. This has frequently been the case recently, and the latest instance I have heard of is that of Dr. and Mrs. Nicol of Cooktown and Miss Tottie Nicol, whose pretty and popular relative, Mrs. Alfred Wright, came to town on her marriage to the manager of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company some years ago. Miss Tottie has been a constant visitor to her sister, and is, with Dr. and Mrs. Nicol, to live in Shaw street, on the West Side.

The extreme illness of that clever and debonair Frenchman, Sir Adolphe Caron, was lamented by many good friends in Toronto, who are glad to learn that Sir Adolphe is now much better. Lady Caron and Miss Alice Caron have been in Montreal with Mrs. Campbell Macdougall, as Sir Adolphe was being nursed in Victoria Royal Hospital, in that city.

I hear that Mrs. Mavor and her young folks are going to England for

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To take a look at them? The earlier you buy the greater the selection to choose from.

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Ladies House Slippers in felt with leather or flexible felt soles at 95c., \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. The \$1.50 ones are satin lined.



Gentlemen's Leather Slippers

The only fashionable slipper for a Gentleman this year is **Leather**. Our leather slippers are specially fine, having turn soles and kid lined. Gents Leather Slippers, turn soles at \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Vici Kid ones with kid linings at \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Gents Kid Romeo Slippers, turn soles, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00.

You're as welcome to look as to buy.

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With its exhibit of

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Continues to attract large crowds.
Call early and avoid the crush nearer Xmas time.

The Bain Book Company

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the winter. Mr. and the Misses Gibbons of London did not attend St. Andrew's ball, much to the disappointment of their friends. Miss Anne Hendrie is coming home very shortly from Paris, where she has been for a long visit.

A Hamilton friend writes: Mrs. George F. Glasco gave a most recherche luncheon on Thursday, November 29, in honor of Mrs. Frank S. Glasco,

"It is a Fownes"

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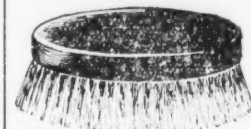


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Fashionable Hair Dressing,

for Balls, Schrems, Concerts, Dinners, Theatres, Photos, Weddings. We beg to invite our esteemed patrons to be kind enough and have their appointments made at the earliest possible date previous to the occasion, to prevent disappointments, which happened to a number of our most estimable and regular patrons, who desired their hair dressed for St. Andrew's Ball and several other occasions the past two weeks.

We have informed our patrons several times, through our advertisement in SATURDAY NIGHT, to be kind enough to make their appointments at an early date, hence it was not our fault, if patrons let the matter stand to the last day. Tel. 2456.
HAIR ORNAMENTS—We have the prettiest selection of Hair Ornaments in Ribbon and Agrette Bows, Butterflies, Real Jet, Real Amber, Real Tortoise-shell, Real Shell Combs and Pins. All articles of Perfumery of the best French houses. Fine Powders, Cold Creams, Rouge, in Paste, Powder and Liquid, Eyebrow Pencils and Lip Salves, Beauty Spots, Diamond, Gold and Silver Darts for the hair. J. TRANCE ARMAND & CO., 41 Yonge cor. Carlton St., Toronto.

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When buying your holiday confections, think of how much that little word "purity" means to you, your family, your friends. If you stop to think you'll buy Fry's Confections, without a question.

The reason is, first and foremost, because they represent absolutely purity and consequent wholesomeness. Second, because the variety is very, very large and sure to suit your fancy. Leading dealers sell them in quarter, half and one pound wooden boxes. Fry's Confections are made in England.

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Ask to see the Crompton New Straight-Front Corsets, Styles 397, 497 and 507. At any Dry Goods Store.

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For Ladies and Gentlemen.
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist. L. A. Blackhouse, 124 King Street West, opposite Rossin House Toronto. Tel. 1882

society. A large number was present, despite the inclement weather. In the evening a most enjoyable euchre party followed. The prizes were handsome and unique, and were presented to the fortunate winners in Mr. Powis, happiest manner.

A Game of Bluff

The Experience of a Canadian Lawyer.

By H. G. T.

I WAS admitted to practice shortly before the time of this story, and I opened an office in a town on the south shore of the Georgian Bay, and there, with more or less anxiety, awaited the favors of fortune.

About noon on Thursday, the 13th of November, 1890, a well-dressed stranger called and asked if I could go on one of the upper lake steamers that night to Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island, to attend to some legal matters for him, to be absent a week. At this time I might have left my office for a month or altogether without inconveniencing anyone, nevertheless I hesitated and stipulated for a respectable fee, replying that I did not care to leave my business for so long a time. I enquired the nature of the business, and was told that it did not require any great ability, being purely of a financial character. Having consented, I was handed what seemed to me a very liberal sum on account, with a card, which read: "A. L. Burr, real estate and financial agent, Gore Bay, Ont." I was bid to take the steamer "Pacific," of the White Line, sailing at 10.30 that night, and my ticket and berth would be arranged for and that I would be made acquainted with the nature of my duties while on the way to my destination, some 200 miles distant.

I packed my satchel and went to the steamer about ten o'clock that night. At the steward's office, on enquiring for Mr. Burr, I was told that the person had been booked and the person whom I wished to see was aboard. As the boat was leaving the wharf, I went in search of my client. On passing through the saloon on the way to the smoking-room, I was accosted by a little woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Burr, stating that her husband had been unable to take the trip to Gore Bay and that she had come in his stead. We conversed for a few minutes, during which I asked the nature of the business, and I felt anything but satisfied with the answer, which was that as it was late, I would be given particulars in the morning.

Charlie Tymon, the steward, was one of those active, fat men who are ever in quest of a joke, and later in the evening, as I entered his office, he made me the subject of much merriment, twitting me with travelling with American booties, grass widow, etc. I passed his good-natured remarks off as best I could until the other passengers had retired, and then asked for an explanation.

He replied, "You surely don't mean to say that you are travelling with Mrs. Burr without knowing who she is?"

I said, "Yes, even so. I never saw the woman until I came aboard." I then related shortly the circumstances of my engagement and learned from him all he knew of the woman and her husband.

I felt sure I was the victim of a blackmailing scheme of some kind. Not that anything was to be got from my pocket, but my father was wealthy, and he might be hurt through me. I told Tymon my suspicions, but he took a different view of the matter.

It seemed that the woman and her husband had come from the Eastern States some two years before. Their real name had been changed and their former place of residence had been mis-stated, but detectives had been on their trail, and now their whole history, as well as the nature of the crime they had committed, was well known to the residents of Gore Bay and the steamboat people trading there. I concluded to have an interview with the woman in the morning, and determined, if her object were blackmail, to give her no opportunity to carry out her designs.

The morning broke cold and stormy, and upon enquiry of the lady's maid, I learned that Mrs. Burr was confined to her room with sea-sickness.

As the day wore on we reached the north shore, and after calling at Killarney, I met Mrs. Burr on the promenade deck. I at once broached the subject of my services and intimated that I had some reason to believe that I was the intended victim of a plot, but had no sooner spoken than I felt regret at having made the statement. The woman's manner satisfied me that she had no personal interest in me beyond what was proper. She gave me a short history of her life and detailed the following particulars of the circumstances which led to her present position.

She was the daughter of a medical doctor at S—, N. Y., and some years previously had married a young man of good family, then engaged in an extensive mercantile business in a neighboring city. In 1888 her husband had opened a branch store in a large town. When starting the branch store the woman had been induced to witness a declaration of partnership to which was forged the signature of her husband's father, who was exceedingly wealthy and of good repute. A few months after, by means of his now almost unlimited credit, the husband had obtained large quantities of goods upon which he realized by slaughter sale, and with the proceeds, some \$50,000, the two made their escape to Canada, since which time they had lived at Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island.

It is almost invariably the case that a person seeking to hide his identity under an alias leaves some easily-found trace of his real self, and in this case the husband had adopted his wife's maiden name. Although living in one of the most out-of-the-way places in Canada, yet by this means he was easily traced. The crime he had committed was not extricable.

A large part of the fraudulently-obtained money had been invested through the husband's brother in Knoxville, Tenn., during a land boom and there lost of the balance, \$15,000, in United States Government securities was placed in three tins, hidden

between the sheeting of a stable in Gore Bay, and this I was asked to recover.

It appeared that Burr had continued his career of crime in his new home, and that at the time spoken of there were three warrants in the hands of the constables for the arrest of him and his wife. Two against him for criminal libel in having written an untrue report to a mercantile agency describing two of the most substantial firms in Gore Bay as insolvent, when they were in no financial difficulty whatever, and the third against his wife for having committed perjury in a suit in a magistrate's court, where-in her husband had been charged with assault.

Some of the residents had learned that the Burrs were possessed of a large sum of money, their history being known through the presence of a detective, who had vainly endeavored to effect a compromise for the creditors. A watch had been set on the house for some weeks, and finally the warrants spoken of were issued and so acted upon that the Burrs precipitately left the town, which was the end devoutly wished for. Their departure had been so hurried that they had left their money in its hiding-place.

Mrs. Burr apprehended that in the absence of her and her husband the neighbors might have discovered the securities, but in case they were found to be untouched, I had to devise some scheme for recovering them. I had of course been told just how and where they were hidden. I hesitated about undertaking such a task, but I was young and fond of adventure and at last consented. I therefore arranged that immediately on the arrival of the steamer we should go to the constable who held the warrant for Mrs. Burr's arrest and offer her up to justice. I then intended making a big noise through the town, threatening all sorts of actions against everyone who had in any way been instrumental in having the warrants issued. By this means I hoped to have either the warrant withdrawn or the case in some way settled.

The boat reached Gore Bay after dark and we made our way to the Ocean House, the leading hotel of the town. I knew the proprietor, Mr. H—, who said he would be glad to accommodate me, but could not give my companion a room on any account, saying he would give me his room later on. I did not enquire further, but returned to a small hotel near the wharf, where I found a landlord who took Mrs. Burr in. I then returned to the Ocean House and stated that I had only come up to attend a criminal trial for Mrs. Burr and that I had never seen her heard of her or her husband until the day before, also asking why the woman should have been refused accommodation. The answer satisfied me, but as it does not affect my story, need not be repeated here. Being joined by a thirty lot of natives, who all seemed to be full of the subject of my visit, I thought fit good warfare to spend money freely on them, and soon had the satisfaction of proving the words, "A fu man is a true man."

I endeavored to find if any surmised that the Burrs had money hidden in the town, and was well rewarded for my pains, there being many rumors to that effect. Being joined by a constable, I found that the warrants had been issued and sprung on the Burrs while they were at the wharf meeting a steamer, which they had immediately taken for the South. This Mrs. Burr had already told me, was the reason why they had not taken their money with them when leaving, but she was not aware that the issuing of the warrants was part of a conspiracy to get her and her husband out of town without their money. I suggested that we take a walk to an-

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other hotel while the landlord of the Ocean prepared us a lunch. All ascending, we walked up town, and, as I hoped, the house the Burrs had occupied was pointed out. This I knew to contain the securities. After returning to the hotel, we spent a good part of the night in telling yarns and drinking. As the liquor took effect on my guests, I got deeper and deeper into the history of my traveling companion and her husband, and learned that it was thought her husband was a very bad man, but that the woman was not herself bad, were it not for her associations. I had intended rising early next morning, but it was fully nine o'clock when the cheery voice of the landlord aroused me from my slumbers, and I awoke to find the little town full of excitement at the unexpected return of Mrs. Burr, accompanied by a lawyer.

Gore Bay, the capital of Grand Manitoulin Island, contains about a thousand people, who are shut off from communication with the outside world during the winter months except by means of dog-trains and horse sleighs, which cross to the mainland over the frozen lake and are connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

On the way up I learned that but two more boats would call at Gore Bay that fall, one the "Carmona," then ahead of us on her way to Sault Ste. Marie, which was expected back on Saturday night, and the other the "Pacific," which would return on Sunday afternoon. It was now Saturday morning, and I felt slightly apprehensive of my ability to get the hidden securities before dark, and I then failed I could not hope to get them on Sunday, and in that event I would have to remain and face a long trip by open boat, and little as my office might need me, I felt like avoiding this contingency, if possible. Of course, if Mrs. Burr were arrested, she might be detained any length of time, but for some reason I felt reasonably certain of getting out of this last difficulty.

After breakfast I went to the hotel at which Mrs. Burr was stopping and found her much concerned at my tardy appearance. We hunted up the constable who had the warrant. After stating that Mrs. Burr had come to give herself up, I demanded that the warrant be executed, at the same time remarking that I would make it a dear job for anyone who had a hand in the arrest. The constable refused to say whether he had a warrant or not, so we left him and went to one of the hundred miles distant.

Henry S—, a cattle drover, who had sworn to the information upon which the warrant had been issued. To him I repeated what I had said to the constable. Next we went to the magistrate, a Mr. Hamilton, Squire Hamilton was a farmer, and the only lawyer in the place was without experience. The latter I had met the night before and impressed with the numerous actions that must follow such a proceeding as the arrest of my client. The magistrate promised to see me later in the day.

Gore Bay was then but the capital of a temporary Judicial District, the judge of which resided at Sault Ste. Marie, one hundred miles distant.

Later on, as I learned the magistrate, informant and constable all interviewed the local lawyer, who was very non-committal saying I had confidentially informed him that I was anxious that the warrant should be executed so that I might have actions for heavy damages, and finally telling them he washed his hands of the whole matter.

I had talked in a very fair spirit to everyone with whom I came in contact, and as I was not unknown to many in the town, having visited there before, I soon found that there was a considerable current of feeling in favor of the woman. I spent money lavishly at the hotels and made myself generally affable and friendly, and early in the afternoon received messages repeatedly from the enemy, who by this time had about concluded to allow Mrs. Burr to depart unmolested.

During the early afternoon I strolled about the town with Mrs. Burr, passing the stable several times without evincing any apparent interest in that building, but being posted all the while on the structure of the walls and the location of the securities.

I determined to act at once, and with that object returned to the hotel, and from the yard procured an axe, which I secreted under my overcoat.

I arranged that Mrs. Burr should visit the house formerly occupied by her, and which was now tenanted by a wharf laborer, to arrange about the furniture left there, and to assist me if I were disturbed, while tearing down the sheeting of the stable.

Once at the stable, I soon pried the fastening from the door, and, entering, drew it closed, but found there was no means for fastening it from within.

I found the inside of the building sheeted with inch hemlock lumber, fastened to uprights, with heavy nails at intervals of not less than two inches. I had been given certain signs by which to locate the tin boxes and these signs I readily discovered. One box, containing \$5,000, was in the wall about 4 feet from the floor, another containing \$6,000, was some six feet further on in the same wall, but in a different stretch of sheeting, and the third, containing \$4,000, was concealed in a partition between two mangers.

I attacked number one first, and endeavored to get the edge of the axe between the boards. After working at this for some time in vain, I concluded I must chop part of one of the boards out, and if the reader has ever tried chopping through dry hemlock lumber with a dull axe, he will appreciate my difficulty. I chopped and gouged for some time without making any appreciable showing. Come what might, I had to use force and that meant noise and most likely detection. I had already divested myself of my overcoat, and I now stripped off my undercoat and vest and commenced boldly chopping my way in to the wall. Just as I had succeeded in making an opening about a foot

deep and the width of two uprights, a woman whom Mrs. Burr was holding back and arguing with, came to the door. I was asked what I was doing and ordered to desist. I did not take time to reply, but with redoubled exertions went on with my work. I thought Mrs. Burr would give all necessary explanations. The two soon went out together, the woman threatening to send for her husband.

To obtain greater warmth the walls of the stable had been filled with chaff, and consequently when I reached the point where the box should have been, I found it had sunk by reason of the jarring produced by the chopping, and I was compelled to chop within two feet of the floor, and then by reaching my arm down I found it and quickly extracted its precious contents.

The reader can but faintly imagine the mess I was in. Every blow from the axe brought down a quantity of fine dry chaff and this spread thickly through the air, settling on my face and clothing. I was perspiring much, and what with the dust, the excitement and the labor, was considerably out of breath.

I had just struck a few preliminary blows at the hiding place of box number two when a man whom I took to be the occupant of the premises, made his appearance. I was again ordered to desist, but refused on the ground that Mrs. Burr had stored some valuable jewellery in the walls of the stable, and I was getting it for her. One word led to another, each more angry than its predecessor, and I kept up my work with the axe. Fearing a flank movement, I kept my eye on the man and was not surprised when he made a jump at me. I was young and active on my feet, and bounding back brought the axe down in front of me and rushed at my assailant, who ran stumbling out of the door.

The man had never seen me before, and with my hair on end, my face smeared with dust and perspiration, it was little wonder he had refused combat.

I again turned to my task, and was once more disturbed by the appearance of my assailant armed with a pole about 20 feet in length and three or four inches in diameter, which I judged to be a binding pole from a load of hay.

This was not as dangerous a weapon as it appeared. Not only was it unwieldy for the operator, but by striking it on the end smartly with the axe, I was able to make the man drop it. The vibration and stinging sensation were too much for his hands, and he let it fall. With the axe raised aloft, I once more chased him out of the door. I then got possession of the second box and its contents.

The greater part of my task was accomplished. I had possession of \$14,000, and the remaining \$4,000 was in a partition dividing two stalls. I felt confident that, if left alone, I would have my task completed in a short time. I had begun an onslaught on the partition, when the man again made his appearance, this time armed with two large stones. So far Mrs. Burr had taken no part in the affair except with her voice, but now she engaged in an heroic physical struggle to assist me. As the man entered the door Mrs. Burr seized him about the neck from behind, and they both disappeared on the outside. Much as I desired to go to the woman's assistance, I nevertheless kept to my work, and in a very few minutes smashed the woodwork down and got possession of the third and last box. Each box, as I got it, was opened and its contents extracted and transferred to my pockets. I donned my clothes and went to the door, where a very amusing spectacle indeed met my eyes. The yard and roadway in front of the stable was deep with mud. In this Mrs. Burr and the man were struggling silently together, each much bespattered. My client's hair had fallen down and was hanging over her shoulders, while the man's wife was wringing her hands and begging her husband to come away or he would be killed. Mrs. Burr had a firm grasp of his wrists, while he was vainly trying to free himself. I approached them and said they might call off the fight, as I had got what I wanted.

Mrs. Burr, who certainly had had the best of it, immediately let go her hold. I told the man that as Mrs. Burr's lease did not expire until January, the landlord had no power to release the premises until that time, and he, Marsh, was a trespasser. "However," I said, "we are willing to do what is fair," and I then offered \$15 to repair the stable and agreed to let him remain in the house. The money offered was many, many times the value of the work to be done, but the man was poor. I took the precaution to take a receipt.

Mrs. Burr had now got her hair in some kind of shape, so she went to her hotel, while I went to interview the magistrate. I felt that the tenant might try to take proceedings for malicious injury to property, and I wished to forestall him and also to learn if it was intended to go on with the perjury case against Mrs. Burr. I found the magistrate at home and in a very amiable mood, so much to his amusement, I related all that had occurred at the stable, except the amount of securities I had recovered. I also showed him the receipt. I now arranged to have Mrs. Burr's furniture shipped to the wharf, and that being done, my mission was at an end, and I thought long and hard how we might escape the town. I went to the landlord of the Ocean House and talked over our chances of getting aboard the boat without detection. I felt sure from the way the constables hung around that it was their intention to make an arrest just as we were about to embark. This would cause us to lose the boat, and we would then be

in such a position that we might be forced into paying money for a settlement. Shortly after this I noticed excited groups of citizens discussing some subject in undertones, and I concluded that their theme was our escape at dusk, and as the boat was expected before midnight, I set about arranging to secure Mrs. Burr on the wharf, so that after the boat arrived I could get her aboard without interference. The wharf was not a very extensive affair, and the warehouse on it was small. Boats tied up with bow to the shore, and on the north side of the wharf only, the south side being covered with lumber piles. The after or passenger gangway of a steamer would thus be at the outer end of the wharf farthest from the light, and the work of loading and unloading. The warehouse did not run to the end of the wharf, which extended past it some thirty or forty feet, and on this space were several piles of lumber, boxes, etc., which formed an admirable shelter for my purpose. Having decided on my plans, I set out to get the interested villagers, and especially the constables, as much intoxicated as possible, and I soon had a large part of the town on a spree.

I have already said the landlord of the Ocean house was extremely friendly, and seemed anxious to help me in every way. Therefore I arranged that whenever I should ask for Scotch whiskey I was to get pure water, with which a bottle was already prepared. I need hardly say that I was the only one of a large party who drank water that night. Later on in the evening I had the landlord call me out to go upstairs to bid good-bye to some boarders, who were supposed to be playing cards. This was merely a ruse to give me time to go down to Mrs. Burr's hotel to take her to the wharf, which I did, secreting her between two piles of lumber at the outer end and I have described. There was no certainty when the boat would arrive, and Mrs. Burr's prospects of a long lonely vigil were excellent. This was no time for complaining, however, and she did not complain, so I left her and returned to the hotel, where I found my quondam friends clamouring for my return upstairs.

About twelve o'clock we heard the welcome whistle of the steamer "Carmona."

My baggage was a hand satchel, which the porter undertook to carry and place in the steward's hands. I then stated to the constables and others that I was going to Mrs. Burr's hotel to take her to the boat.

The night was dark, and the streets were unlighted. It was therefore an easy matter to make my way to the south side of the wharf farthest from the boat, and by that route reach Mrs. Burr's hiding place, thus eluding the constables and others whom I saw coming along the dock in the face of the lights from the steamer and the front of the warehouse, little suspecting that I was ahead of them. When the steamer's after-gang plang had been out, watching a favourable moment, I ran aboard with Mrs. Burr into the cabin. Here I found a young fellow whom I knew well, acting as cabin watchman. He gave me the key to a blind stateroom, a room without a window, where I placed Mrs. Burr, taking the key with me. I next went to the hurricane deck, and there stood in the shadow of the wheel-house, whence I watched the constables and the cattle-dealer (Mr. S.), who had sworn out the original warrant for Mrs. Burr, in anxious consultation. Our presence on board was evidently not suspected. In a few minutes one of the constables went in the direction of the hotel where Mrs. Burr had stopped. He had not been absent long when I saw him come running down the wharf. After a few words together one of the constables came aboard the boat. Wishing to elude him, I went down to the captain's room, and, finding the door unlocked, entered and fastened it after me. Here I remained until the boat had given her last whistle to start, when I emerged, just as the captain gave the bells to back up. The two constables and a knot of friends were talking excitedly on the wharf. Had I been content to escape as we were, I might have saved myself some trouble, but I would also have missed much excitement, and my story would have ended here. A sudden desire came over me to thrash the cattle-dealer for his duplicity, so I threw my overcoat on the deck, slipped down the front companion-way, and as the boat was moving out I jumped on to the wharf, ran up to him, asked if he intended executing the warrant against Mrs. Burr, I received an affirmative reply, drew back my right arm, said, "Take that," and planted a stunning blow between his eyes. He fell sprawling, half stunned, on his back, while I turned to reach the boat, which by this time had got some feet away. I had no difficulty in leaping aboard through the gangway, which had not yet been closed. The constable and the cattle-dealer called in

vain upon the captain to bring his boat back. Captain La France was a warm friend of mine, and although he did not know of my presence on board until a moment before, yet, having seen all that transpired on the wharf, he knew that I had some good reason for acting as I had done. He refused to return, and we sailed away into darkness. I went at once and paced Mrs. Burr in charge of the stewardess.

I am not sure that I did right in striking the cattle-dealer. However, I was younger then than now, and, in any event, I am recording acts, not defending them.

The reader may imagine that after the day's excitement I felt little like sleep, and so I went to the bridge, where Captain La France was anxiously peering into the darkness, and just as I reached him I heard the order to port the helm a point. On enquiring, I learned that the night was too dark to permit of our taking the inside passage, and that we were

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Curious Bits of News.

Australia and California have each averaged a production of \$9,000,000 worth of gold a year, and the maximum production—\$15,000,000—has also been the same. Each country also has almost exactly the same number of mines.

Greenland has the newspaper published nearest to the North Pole, the organ of the little Danish town of Godthaab. The editor of this sheet is also printer and distributor, besides being reporter and advertising agent. Twice a month he makes a journey of over a hundred miles, on snow shoes, to dispose of his journal.

Four young women students of the University of Chicago will become hair-dressers to their more wealthy sister students. They intend in a very short time to open tonsorial parlors on the attic floor of one of the women's halls, and they plan to find a clientele among their girl acquaintances sufficiently extended to pay all the costs of their education. There are nearly one hundred girls in the university who pay all of their own expenses, or most of them.

Not long ago, at church parade in Hyde Park, London, a very pretty woman dropped an ivory and gold prayer-book. Before it could be picked up a passer-by had trodden upon it. With an exclamation of regret, he bent down and discovered a gentle stream of excellent old brandy flowing from between the deceptive covers. He looked up. The lady had vanished. These little volumes are now, asserts the "Onlooker," usually called books of uncommon prayer.

The sheep as a source of our food supply is beginning to find a rival in the rabbit, particularly the Australian animal. In two years the supply has more than doubled; and down to the end of October the imports into Great Britain this year reached the large bulk of 16,085 tons of dead rabbits. This great weight of dead rabbits is equivalent to about 600,000 New Zealand sheep, and to even a larger number of Australian.

The statement has frequently been made that it is possible to cause grains of wheat found in ancient Egyptian sepulchres to germinate and grow. This statement has been disputed, and the question was discussed at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences. It was shown that while the albumen of wheat in a tomb 6,000 years old had undergone no alteration, the embryo was changed, and could not be caused to germinate. But a fresh embryo placed in the ancient albumen would grow, and this fact, it was said, probably accounted for the statement that the old Egyptian wheat rescued from its long entombment would sprout and grow.

The recently patented "phonographic enunciation" for street cars is a new device to relieve the overcrowded conductor of the trouble of shouting the names of streets, while giving passengers a better chance to understand when they have arrived at their destinations. As a matter of course, the "enunciator" will be very plain of speech, so that nobody need be in doubt as to what it says. It is a phonograph instrument of peculiar pattern, and is intended to be placed above the door at the forward end of the car. The record cylinder which it contains has inscribed on it in a series the names of the streets to be crossed on the route. On approaching a crossing the conductor presses a button, and the apparatus yells: "Spadina avenue," "Belt Line," or something equally enlightening.

The most expensive book ever published in the world is the official history of the War of the Rebellion, issued by the Government of the United States. Up to date it has cost \$2,434,323, of which amount \$1,184,391 has been paid for printing and binding, and the remainder for salaries, rent, stationery, and other incidental expenses, including the purchase of private records of individuals. It will require at least three years longer to complete the work, and an additional appropriation, which will in all likelihood bring the total cost up to \$3,000,000. There will be one hundred and twelve volumes, including Index, and an atlas which contains one hun-

dred and seventy-eight plates and maps illustrating the important routes of march, plans of forts, and photographs of interesting scenes. The material used in composing this history is taken from both Union and Confederate archives, and as the writers represent both sides of the struggle it may be regarded as impartial.

Degrees.

Hate scowled beside a foeman's gate;
Lo, men passed out with heavy tread;
Unto his last and lowly bed
His foe they bore in sombre state:
Lo, Death was stronger than Hate!
It is Death's hand that beckoneth;
A woman darest thou to defy:
"My son shall kiss me ere I die!"
His kisses knew her life's last breath:
O, Love was stronger than Death!
—Richard Scraggs.

Many Fail to Collect.



Soker—The world owes us all a living.
Broker—It ought to be declared insolvent.

The French View.

A solving sex problems the French cannot be beaten. Their "views" may be varied, and their morals moss-covered, and they may be denounced as degenerates beyond redemption, but when social problems involving the relationship of the sexes confront them, they may be depended upon to handle them with dexterity. They have lately turned their attention to the growing popularity of celibacy, and have undertaken to stimulate a fondness for the marital state. This is a matter which all sociologists have acknowledged to be of great importance, but it remained for a French statesman to suggest intelligent solution of the problem. Heretofore, when the bachelor came up for exhortation as a useless member of society, it was customary to assume that all the blame rested on the masculine head. It has been a popular fiction, promoted by masculine conceit, that the multiplication of the bachelor was due entirely to his disinclination to abandon the comforts of his single condition, and his reluctance to fly to the evils he knew not of. All the explanations of sociologists have been based upon the purely masculine theory that proud man was alone responsible for the infrequency of matrimony. And yet, bachelor girls have been organizing clubs to discourage the plural state. True, those clubs are eventually wrecked by the drifting of members into the arms of mate-seeking men, but the circumstances of even the temporary existence of such club points to the fact that the bachelor woman is participant criminous. And the Frenchmen have decided to take that view of the matter. A bill introduced in the Senate provides for the imposition of a tax on celibates of both sexes who have

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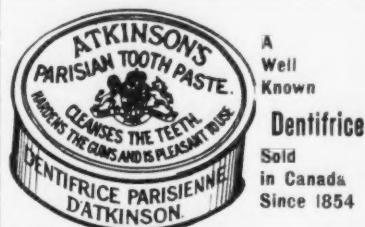
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reached the age of thirty. This shows a disposition to consider both sexes equally at fault. And with the enactment of such a law it shall become necessary for the bachelor or spinster who desires to avoid that tax to show that either he or she exercised due diligence in the search for a spouse. If the tax is made sufficiently heavy to be regarded as burdensome, celibacy in France will soon be ranked as one of the high-priced luxuries.

About Doubles.

F. AUSTIN, who conducts the "Note Book" in the "Illustrated London News," writes: How many of us have been kindly endowed by our friends with "doubles"? So far, my "double" has made only a single appearance—at one end of a room when I happened to be at the other. This does not seem to be significant of much; indeed, it might be regarded as a useless manifestation. The really active "double," I take it, goes on duty when the original body is occupied elsewhere. There is the case of the midshipman who appeared to one of his sisters late at night, with water streaming from his clothes. "What on earth are you doing here?" she asked, having excellent reason to believe that he was with his ship hundreds of miles away. "Don't tell anybody you have seen me," said he, and vanished. Three months later, the midshipman came home, well and hearty. When he heard of this incident, he explained that at that very moment he had been saved from drowning. Absent from his ship without leave, he was returning secretly, when the boat capsized, and as soon as he regained consciousness he said to the tars who had rescued him: "Don't tell anybody you have seen me." A very natural remark in such circumstances; but why should his "double" repeat it in the kitchen at home and scare his sister? A lady described to me recently how she had seen the "double" of her sister-in-law, who had gone to a party, was observed on the stairs going towards the room where her child was sleeping in the care of the nurse. My friend called out, "Are you back already?" but received no

answer. A few minutes later, wondering that the sister-in-law had not joined the rest of the family, she saw the nurse, who said her mistress had come into the room, looked attentively at the child, and then retired without a word. This seemed odd, but it was supposed that she had paid a flying visit to see the child, who was not very well, and had then gone back to the party. When she came home, however, she denied all knowledge of this visit. It had been made by the "double." Is this, after all, a case of telepathy? Could the mother's anxiety for her child communicate itself so forcibly to people at a distance that they thought they saw her where she certainly was not? Did the midshipman, snatched from death, think so vividly of his sister as to reproduce his condition in her mental vision?



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Reformed.

"I see yer father's drinkin' again, Jimmie."
"Naw; he's stopped."
"And phwat's all the noise, then?"
"He's soberin' up."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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ONE of Sardou's morbid tragedies satisfies the normal palate for a long time. There is nothing wholesome in *Theodora*, and it is certainly not Sardou's masterpiece. Its construction is loose, and the motives of its characters are not always clear. It does not compare in dramatic intensity and force with *La Tosca*, for example. The translation used here this week by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune is inferior from a literary point of view. Much of its language smacks of the modern rather than of the mediaeval world. It is certainly not Buchanan's version as used in London. In the latter, *Theodora* takes the remainder of the poisonous philter by which she has unintentionally slain her former lover, Andreas. In the version presented here, the Emperor's executioners come with their axes to lead her to the death chamber, while she is in the first paroxysm of despair at having killed Andreas. The horse-racing scene was an interesting spectacle, but as unconvincing as all stage horse-races. It has been seen here before in *The County Fair*. Mrs. Brune is the cleverest woman, by long odds, in her company. She was especially good in the splendor and dignity of her imperial state in the first and fifth acts. In these parts she bore herself as an empress might. Where she was required to express intense emotion, as of passion or despair, she rather failed to be convincing—except once, at the very conclusion of the play. She was excellent in her badinage of the Emperor in the third act, but in the other lighter passages, as Myrta, she failed to illusionize her audience, owing, doubtless, to her lack of the typical physique of the wanton. However, it must be remembered that the character of *Theodora* covers a wide range of emotion, to express all of which satisfactorily would require an actress of sublime genius. The play was magnificently staged.

The cleverest thing at Shea's this week was Johnson and Dean's "kinetoscope rag-time dance." This is a novelty, and a decidedly good one. It is given against a black curtain under a shimmering limelight, and produces the same effect as the kinetoscope in a remarkable and ludicrous manner. Lockhart's "three graces" (performing elephants), were another interesting novelty, while amongst the more ordinary features of the bill, the sketch, *Her Friend from Texas*, by Francesca Redding and company, was diverting and altogether capital.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, that story of perennial charm, was given at the Princess to delighted audiences this week. Indeed, the Valentines have not made a greater hit since coming here. Miss Anne Blanche took the title role, and impersonated the character in a delightfully natural manner, her temperament and physique combining to fit her admirably for the part. The Valentines' next offering will be *The Two Orphans*.

The "Broadway" thinks that Reuben Fax, the Canadian actor, will probably get up a petition, signed by himself and his valet, asking theatrical managers hereafter to leave his name off their programmes. Mr. Fax, though an excellent actor and a good fellow, has been wandering through life burdened with a name that everybody insists on misspelling. Even Mr. Fax's newspaper friends, after getting their copy by the lynx eyes of the city editor, have seen it appear the next morning with apparently booming a man named Fax. Mr. Fax is well-nigh discouraged. His is an honest name. It has been in his possession for many years, and the edges are not at all frayed. And yet he can't get anybody to spell his name correctly on a programme, in a newspaper, or in correspondence. All of which is sad, if not exciting.

Alberta Gallatin, who appeared here in *Sappho* last year, likes the role of the scarlet woman. She is now preparing for a tour in *Nell Gwynne*.

Mr. and Mrs. Daventry, the exceedingly objectionable play in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been appearing in London, and which I have previously spoken of in this column, is now admitted to have been written originally by the late Oscar Wilde. It is gratifying to know that the unsavory dejection is taking its leave of the Royalty Theater, Soho, owing to lack of patronage. Apropos of this drama, Clement Scott has coined a new phrase, "the drama of the dust-bin."

Sarah Bernhardt, who is now turning the heads of New Yorkers, is noted for her indomitable spirit, which was well expressed in words she answered the other day to an English friend who came to take leave of her, and remarked he had not seen her for a hundred years: "What is a hundred years to you or me?" And so in truth, it seems, years are nothing to her. This wonderful woman, who for more than two hundred nights acted without intermission one of the heaviest parts any actor ever assumed, nothing daunted, apparently renewing her strength in some mysterious fountain, has come to America to enter on fresh labors appalling to the ordinary mind.

Yet she is variously received by the critics. One says: "She comes, not as an artist, but as an advertisement; not as an actress, but as an aggregation—a something made up of a famed name, polyglot press agents, gasconading secretaries, Circassian maids, tame tigers, bearskins, bull pups, a museum of curios, animate and inanimate, with Rostand's lustrous *L'Aiglon* for her chief act and the accomplished Coquelin as the side-show feature." Another critic remarks:

"It is safe to say that the discriminating playgoer will be delighted at the opportunity Mlle. Bernhardt offers the American public of seeing *L'Aiglon* adequately acted." A rather hard hit, surely, at Maude Adams!

The Empire Vaudevillians come to Shea's Theater next week. Those who are familiar with the salaries that are now demanded by feature acts cannot imagine how such an expensive company can be made to pay. Nevertheless this company was organized with but one view, and that was to occupy a commanding position among vaudeville road companies. It departs from precedents in that it not only presents for its headline attraction a star of artistic and popular celebrity, but that it has surrounded this feature with other acts practically headliners in themselves. The organization is headed by the celebrated Miss Johnstone Bennett, who presents the delightful little play, *A Quiet Evening at Home*, in which she is ably assisted by Mr. Antonia Williams. Miss Bennett has become one of the most talked-of women of the country as the arbiter of fashion for the contingent of "tailor-made girls," who have been so plentiful in recent seasons. The mannish garb she popularized when in *The Amazons*, and in Charles Frohman's comedies, has become so associated with her, that she finds hard work in emphasizing her essential femininity at times. As leading woman with Mansfield and other notables, she has gained recognition all over the country. The extra attraction of the company is the European novelty, Ivan Tschernoff's famous troupe of educated dogs. These thirty-three canines do almost everything that man could do, and much that he could not. They have funerals, weddings, fires, celebrations, and hunts, and a dinner party, all in dog-land in the brief time of their act. It leaves a lasting impression with the women and children. George Felix and Lydia Barry, in their original conceit, *The Vaudeville Craze*; the Bison City Quartette of singers; Paulinetti and Piquo, unique gymnasts; Kittie Mitchell, the petite singing comedienne, whose act is irresistible with the women; the Tobins, in an artistic musical offering; Martinetti and Sutherland, singers and dancers of extraordinary merit, complete a show that in every city has met with the one verdict, the best ever seen here.

Enthusiastic rehearsals are in progress for the military cantata, *Leo the Royal Cadet*, which is to be presented in Massey Music Hall on Thursday and Friday, December 20th and 21st, under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat. Some of the leading parts will be taken by the following ladies and gentlemen: Miss Jardine Thompson, Mrs. Reid, Miss Violet Smith, Miss Florence Smith, Major Galloway, Messrs. George Brown, A. McLean Macdonell, Reginald W. Kidner, Frank L. Kidner, Wm. H. Dow, Harry Bennett, Will J. White, J. F. Scott.

The next attraction at the Grand will be William Morris in *When We Were Twenty-one*, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 10th, 11th, and 12th inst., with Wednesday matinee. This will be followed by the Greek play, more particularly referred to in another column.

LANCER.



LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR
Who welcomed Col. Otter and the Canadian Soldiers to the Empire's Metropolis.

Gay Lord Quex

THE most discussed drama of the moment is Pinero's *The Gay Lord Quex*, played in New York by John Hare and Irene Van Brugh. Judging from criticisms and summaries of the story, it is not the most innocuous play of the season. New York "Life" points out the curious fact that Rostand, who writes for the notoriously vile public of Paris, takes a high literary with historical virtue as its theme, while Pinero, who writes for pious England, always deals with disagreeable sexual topics.

For the information of the readers of "Saturday Night," the following summary of *The Gay Lord Quex* has been prepared:

The titled roue who gives the name to the play has reached the age of forty-five before he decides to change his dissipated way of life, because he has become engaged to a young woman, not entirely certain whether she loves the blase Marquess or the young officer to whom she has practically promised her hand. It happens that Sophy Fullgarney, once a lady's maid, is now a successful manicure and foster-sister to Muriel, whom the gay Lord Quex is to marry. This young woman does not approve of her friend's choice. She has heard that the noble lord is gay and knows that he once kissed another maid and then gave her a shilling. She has other grounds for her distrust, and determines to prevent her friend from the marriage with Lord Quex. Opportunity comes when her duties enable her to go to the country house at which the nobleman, his betrothed, and a duchess, once among his old loves, are stopping. The duchess is one of those women who have lately begun to figure so dimly in the works of English novelists and dramatists: the women who try to maintain the illusion of youth by raking up the ashes of dead passions. Quex has tired of her. Pinero beautifully indicates how desperately she bores him. She loves situations, scenes, and she is determined to make a scene before Quex escapes her for good. By volunteering to take the place of the duchess's absent maid, Sophy serves as a plausible participant in the action of the third act on which the whole strength of the piece depends. The Duchess asks Lord Quex to come to her boudoir once for all. They will smoke the old cigarettes together, have one of the old talks, and she will give him back his presents. The weakest thing that Quex does is to consent to this farewell midnight meeting. He goes and talks to the Duchess. Knowing the manicure's mood toward him, Lord Quex suggests that she may be listening. He opens the door and the faithful Sophy is discovered listening vainly for something she may repeat to her friend



MME. FISK,
Acknowledged by the musical critics of Europe and America to be the world's greatest contralto. She will appear in concert in Massey Hall, Tuesday, December 11th.

and prove her betrothed's unworthiness. Realizing that he may lose his bride, Lord Quex acts like a blackguard; he entices Sophy into the room. Then he locks the door and asks what would be thought by persons who found her in this plight with a gentleman. He can explain to his sweetheart that he came to leave a book with the Duchess, and found instead of her maid the manicure acting temporarily in that place for her. The girl offers to say nothing and escape if he will only promise to be as silent in reference to her presence. She even consents to write a letter incriminating herself. When he agrees, she rebels because that seems too much like disloyalty to the foster-sister she is trying to protect from marriage with a wicked man. Away flies all thought of her own dishonor, and bent on saving Muriel, she dashes to the belfry, pulls it violently, and arouses the servants. Quex, however, is not to be outdone in generosity; he can threaten the girl, but he cannot calumniate her. His one thought now is to save her from disgrace, and before the servants have time to reach the door he has made a plan to protect her and to acknowledge his own perfidy. The girl in turn is touched by his magnanimity, and dashes from the room, convinced that, in spite of his past sins, he is altogether worthy of becoming the husband of his friend. The climax comes from the complexity of the motives. The changes follow one another with a startling and wholly theatrical rapidity.

The play practically ends with the climax of the third act. We expect in the fourth act to see Mr. Pinero winding up the story in a conventional way; but he does no such thing. He introduces some new complications, ingenious but mechanical like the others, which reveal Muriel's character in a rather unpleasant fashion, and persuade us that whatever weakness Quex may have, he is quite as reliable as she is herself.

Notes From the Capital.

LORD AND LADY MINTO were not here to celebrate the great feast day of Bonnie Scotland with the numerous Scots of Ottawa; but it is a time-honored custom for the vice-regal party to spend the night of St. Andrew in Montreal, so the fact that this year they had elected to spend it in Toronto did not interfere in the slightest with the success of the celebration in this city. The concert was perhaps one of the best St. Andrew's Society has so far given to the public. The quality of the programme was in keeping with the length of it. Those who know patriotic concerts, and how much is given for the money, will understand to what a height of perfection this one reached. The audience was a large one, for there were, besides disciples of St. Andrew, many prominent members from sister and brother societies. In the box with His Honor Judge MacTavish, the popular president of St. Andrew's, were the Premier and Lady Laurier. Judge MacTavish is a fine type of the Scotch Canadian, for though of Scotch parentage, he was born in the county of Carleton, and by his marriage in 1886 with Miss Flora Stewart, youngest daughter of the late William Stewart, he strengthened still more his Scottish connections. Mrs. MacTavish is a sister of Mr. MacLeod Stewart, one of Ottawa's most prominent Scotchmen. Scotch songs were almost de rigueur at St. Andrew's concert, and several of them were splendidly sung by Mr. Harold Jarvis. Even pretty Miss Ruby Cutter, of Boston, who loves operatic trills and runs, descended to "Comin' Through the Rye," "Robin Adair," and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie."

During last week the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club bazaar—I should say "Fair," and give it its up-to-date qualification of "twentieth century"—took up most people's time, and a good deal of their money. The Athletic Club building seems so comfortably fitted up, almost luxuriously; so well supplied with current literature; so thoroughly up-to-date in every way, and the Club is blessed with such a long membership list, that one might wonder what it wanted any more money for! However, there is one thing that the casual visitor to an institution does not see—that is the debt—and the O.A.A.C. probably is like the rest of them. The



SHANNAH CUMMING,
Soprano, who will sing in Massey Hall, Tuesday, December 11th.

gymnasium is a large hall on the second floor, and covers the entire width of the building. It was fitted up with pretty booths, most of which represented one or other of the sporting clubs affiliated with the Association. There were the canoe club, where the girls wore white dresses and sailor hats, and sold flowers; the bicycle club, which was charmingly decorated in red and white, and the young ladies who sold sweets within this pretty booth wore dresses of scarlet tulle and large black hats. The football booth was in charge of Mrs. Rosenthal; in it dolls were sold. It was a fine collection of "la poupée" family, and Christmas being near, the dolls were in demand. Mrs. Rosenthal and the young ladies who assisted her wore a sort of "incroyable" costume—white skirts, short military red jackets, powdered hair, and Directoire hats. Very smart they looked. The Rowing Club had one of the largest booths, a gaily decorated pavilion done in crimson and dark blue. It required to be of larger dimensions than the others, which were merely shops, for it was the cafe. Tea, coffee, ices and lemonade were served therein at small tables—just large enough for two—by pretty waitresses in white muslin frocks and large black hats of the picture description. Someone said these waiters were picked out for their good looks, but in the words of the song, they had "no irritating way of keeping people waiting," and utility with beauty they combined. Mrs. George Murphy, who was Miss Edythe Forbes, a dark beauty, and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, small and fair, were the young married ladies in charge of the Rowing Club booth. Among their assistants were: Miss Pauline Lemoine, Miss Lily Murphy, Miss Kitty White, Miss Agnes Davis, Miss Edith Tobin, Miss Irene Glassmacher, Miss Lily McGee, Miss Minota Isbester, Miss Agnes Baskerville, Miss Clara MacCollough. A rosette of crimson and blue pinned on one shoulder told what club these pretty girls represented. Mrs. Hedley Gardiner and Mrs. Douglas Farmer were the ladies in charge of the Entertainment Committee. They looked after the smoking-room (such an artistic and inviting one, even though filled with the soft vapor of the cigarette), sold tickets for the evening's concert, and disposed of paddles for the wheels of fortune. The ladies of this committee wore colored muslin gowns, with white fichus, and becoming black hats. Miss Ethel White, Miss Ethel Bate, Miss Burbidge, Miss Toller, Miss Fellows, Miss Mildred Macpherson, Miss Roma King, and Miss Ethel Jones were some of the girls on the Entertainment Committee. Two pretty little girls and a small boy, dressed in a military costume of khaki, spread abroad the news of the wonders to be seen for ten cents in the military museum. The girls were Miss Jessie Gilmour and Miss Sherwood, the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Percy Sherwood. Lord and Lady Minto, attended by several A.D.C.'s, visited the Fair on Wednesday evening, and were received in state by the lady vice-presidents who happened to be present, and then shown over the Fair by Colonel Turner, president of the Fair Committee, and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Colson, and Mr. J. M. Macdougall. The end of the 20th Century Fair came on Monday night, when the tombola prizes were drawn for. That was probably the most interesting of any night, for among the prizes were 15,000 bricks, a trip to the Pan-American Fair, a Newcombe piano, etc.

The 20th Century Fair so engrossed the public that, from a social point of view, last week was a dull one. There were, however, a couple of dinners, one of them given for General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery, and a few luncheons, the smartest of which was one in celebration of Thanksgiving Day by Colonel and Mrs. Charles Turner in the ladies' ordinary of the Russell. As was only proper, the Stars and Stripes played an important part in the decorations of the dining-room at this luncheon.

AMARYLLIS.



Madame Cochina—Your enemy seeks to bring you to an untimely end. I see waters boiling around your senseless form O beware of a dark man!

Has Nobody the Required Toast?

AN English paper tells the following story, for which "Saturday Night" cannot vouch:

Kingston, Ont., can boast of a good many things of which it is proud, but the latest it can make is a little bit eccentric. Of all the crazy men with queer delusions there is none to compare with that of an individual who is confined in the insane asylum in this city. He thinks he is a poached egg, and for twenty years he has been looking for a piece of toast big enough to sit down on. When visitors come and meet him, he always approaches them with the request for a moment's conversation in private. As he is perfectly harmless, the keepers do not put any restrictions upon him. If you grant his request, he whispers in your ear:

"Have you got a piece of toast about you?"

"No," you say. "What is the matter with you? Are you hungry?"

"Hungry!" ejaculated the man. "Why should I be hungry? I get plenty to eat. I'm tired. I'm a poached egg, and I'm looking for a piece of toast to sit on."

Naturally this request leads to laughter, and the poached egg retires in high dudgeon, but he comes back regularly on the arrival of the next batch of visitors in hope of meeting with better luck. All sorts of things which look like toast have been supplied to the man, but he wants the real thing, and as chairs and couches are not made out of toasted bread he is obliged to go on making his perpetual plea to visitors. In all other respects the man seems normal, and if this idea could only be got out of his head, he might obtain his discharge. As he persists in his delusion, he will probably spend the rest of his days in the asylum.

Extracts From Rosebery's "Napoleon."

"Was Napoleon a good man? He was not, of course, good in the sense that Wilberforce or St. Francis was good. Nor was he one of the virtuous rulers; he was not a Washington nor an Antonine. Somewhere or other he has said that he could not have achieved what he did had he been religious, and this is undoubtedly true. Was he a great man? That is a much simpler question, but it involves definitions. If by 'great' be intended the combination of moral qualities with those of the intellect, great he certainly was not. But that he was great in the sense of being extraordinary and supreme we can have no doubt. If greatness stands for natural power, for predominance, for something human beyond humanity, then Napoleon was assuredly great."

"He raised himself by the use and ruin of himself by the abuse of superhuman faculties. He was wrecked by the extravagance of his own genius. No less powers than those which had effected his rise could have achieved his fall."



The Raid on Nottawasaga Blockhouse.

RECENTLY, if not now, the remains of a vessel might be seen in the Nottawasaga river, not far from its mouth. This river, or creek, flows into the Georgian Bay some twelve or fifteen miles east of Collingwood, and in 1812 was the scene of a spirited encounter between the Yankees and British, of which the old hulk above referred to was a memento.

The closing campaign of the three years' war that had commenced in 1812 witnessed a great deal of activity on the lakes, and many engagements took place between the hostile fleets. Captain Sinclair, who had taken command of the naval forces of the United States on Lakes Erie and Huron, had five ships in his squadron, the "Niagara," "Caledonia," "Ariel," "Scorpion," and "Tigress." With these he attacked and burned the fort and barracks of St. Joseph on July 20th, and then proceeded to Michilimackinac, where he was repulsed by the British garrison. Piqued by this reverse, he sailed against the small and insignificant post on the Nottawasaga river, where Lieut. Worsely had command of a block-house, mounting three light guns, and also of a schooner, the "Nancy." On the approach of the enemy, the British commandant burned the "Nancy" where she lay, and as the block-house was set fire to by a shell from one of the Yankee cruisers, he and his party retired up the river. The whole of the North-West Company's valuable furs, forming the cargo of the "Nancy," had previously been sent to the French river. So, although the invaders were successful in driving back the defenders of the Nottawasaga, theirs was an empty victory, and brought them no spoils from either fort or vessel.

Although no benefit was reaped by the "Americans" from this adventure, it was productive of ultimate good to the British. Captain Sinclair departed from the Georgian Bay for Lake Erie, leaving behind only the "Tigress" and "Scorpion" to prevent supplies reaching the British garrison at Michilimackinac. In obedience, probably, to orders, the schooners made a trip to St. Joseph's Island, where they were seen by some Indians, who came down the lake with tidings of the fact, which they conveyed to Lieut. Worsely. The two Yankee cruisers, it seems, had separated, and were believed to be five leagues apart.

Worsely made his way to Michilimackinac by boat, and informed the commander, Colonel McDouall, of what had occurred. During the night of September 1st, four boats started out, one manned by twenty seamen under Lieut. Worsely, the three others by seventy-two soldiers under Lieuts. Bulger, Armstrong, and Raderhurst, of the army—in all ninety-two men and two guns, a 6- and a 3-pounder. A number of Indians accompanied the expedition, but took no part in the fighting. On the night of the 3rd the "Tigress" was boarded and captured after a desperate struggle, in which six men were killed and many wounded. Early on the morning of the 6th, the "Scorpion" was also taken after a short, sharp engagement. Thus the northern lakes were swept of the enemy and the possession of Mackinac rendered secure to the British for another winter.

The little fight at Nottawasaga creek was the only encounter between civilized forces that ever took place on the Georgian Bay. That locality has witnessed many a struggle between whites and Indians, or between warring bands of redmen. But only once did the "Longknives" and the British come into conflict on its shores. The immediate result of that one encounter was not such as to boast of, but it is gratifying to know that the men who retreated from Nottawasaga lived to fight another day, and struck back at the enemy with telling effect.

LANCE.

Mary of Bethlehem.

(Apropos of Raphael's Madonna and Child.)

She was the maid, of all the maids of earth,
Destin'd to wear the mystery and the glory,
To bear in very truth that fleshly birth,
That placed her name for aye in heavenly story.

It was the joy of that calm angel greeting,
The message that her God would enter in,
O'ershadowing all her womanhood, completing
The birth of God on earth without a sin.

What hopes of joy, what tears, what fond emotion,
Past thoughts' long plummet or the sweep of soul;
What trembling faith, as when on boundless ocean,
Some little craft puts forth to some new goal.

She bears unmoved her sex's holiest burden,
While lowly Heaven's honor bows her soul;
O woman-heart, that seeks through Sorrow's guerdon
The chastened quest of some far spirit-goal.

Be sure the peace of God her heart uplifted,
While in her arms the hope of all the world;
Her kind eyes glowing, ne'er the love-look shifted;
The Boy saw there a Mother's thought impelled.

To her was given the vision of the sadness,
The glory and the suffering for the race;
What wonder that a sweet, ethereal gladness
Commingle with the sorrow of her face.

Toronto, November, 1900.

R. B.

Napoleon's English.

WORD ROSEBERY cites in his "Last Phase of Napoleon" the following letter written by the Emperor at St. Helena in English. Curious and faulty as it is, it is somewhat to the credit of the pupil after six weeks' study of the language:

"Since six week, I learn the english and I do not any progress. Six week do fourty and two day. It might have learn fifty und for day, I could know it two thousands and two hundred. It is in the dictionary more of forty thousand; even he could most twenty, but much of temps. For know it a hundred and twenty week which do more two years. After this you shall agree that the study one tongue is a great labor who it must do into the young aged.—Logwood, this morning, the seven month thursday one thousand eight hundred sixteen after nativity the yors Lord Jesus Christ.

"To Count Cascares, chamberlain of the S. M. Logwood, in his polce, very press."

To speak a language very well, comments an exchange, the thought or object to be spoken must be translated directly into the word by the brain. To speak it fairly well the word in the speaker's language must automatically call up the corresponding word to be spoken. Some persons have an exceptional facility for learning a foreign language, but to speak one perfectly the generality of persons would not only have to study it for at least two years, but during that time to converse exclusively in it. The "fairly well" might be acquired perhaps in one year without exclusively talking in it.

Jones—Why do you call Mr. and Mrs. Would-be-Swell "the breezes"? Jagger—You know what breezes do don't you?—Town Topics.

The Return of Odysseus.

Something About the Greek Play to be Given at the Grand Next Week.

PERHAPS there is no more common theme for story or song than the return of the lover or husband to the long-waiting and constant sweet-heart or wife. It was a favorite story of the Crusaders. It is often met with in modern fiction. It is the theme of one of the oldest of Greek poems, "The Odyssey." Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are a large part of the magnificent legacy bequeathed by the ancient Greeks to the world. We say Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and yet it is now the generally accepted theory of scholars that there never was a Homer at all, in the sense of a single author of two splendid epics. But, at any rate, the poems remain—the "Iliad" full of the noise of battle and the terrible wrath of Achilles, the "Odyssey" breathing love and longing and the pain of hope deferred. Everyone has read of the rape of Helen and the consequent siege of Troy; how Paris, son of Priam, the Trojan king, abused the hospitality of one of the Greek kings, Menelaus of Sparta, and carried off his wife, fair Helen; how the Greek princes banded themselves together, sailed for Asia Minor, and for ten weary years invested the city of Troy; how, at last, the place was taken and given to the flames. The tale used to be considered mere fiction; but for the past quarter of a century the patient labors of archaeologists have been revealing a buried civilization which corresponds startlingly

The second act is merely a tableau. It is the house of Circe, the enchantress, to whose land Odysseus has come in his wanderings, and who changes his followers into swine. Odysseus is superior to her arts; she, finding she has no power over him, falls under his sway—even in Homer we find some of life's little ironies!—and restores his companions to their human form.

The third act brings us to one of the sweetest and purest of Homeric character-sketches. It is the land of the Phaeacians, a place not to be found on the maps. If Homeric history is fairly trustworthy, not so Homeric geography. Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinoos, has come down to the river with her maidens to do the family washing—the dignity of labor was believed in by the ancient Greek women. After work, play; and they began to play at ball, white-armed Nausicaa leading. This ball-playing scene makes one of the most effective of the numerous moving pictures of the play. Their merriment awakens a sleeper—none other than Odysseus, who, shipwrecked and bereft of all his comrades, has drifted to this strange shore on a raft and fallen into the sleep of exhaustion. Nausicaa's behaviour has the sweetness and dignity of an English girl; in fact, as is often remarked, the Homeric picture of woman's life in ancient Greece is more like an English than an Eastern picture, and "Honi soit qui mal y pense" is even more suitable as a motto for ancient Greece than for modern England.

The fourth act shows the palace of Alcinoos, where Odysseus, flinging himself before Queen Arete, as a suppliant, is kindly received and entertained. The scene of the fifth



THE GREEK PLAY NEXT WEEK.—PENELOPE, TELEMACHUS AND ODYSSEUS.

with that described by Homer. On the hill of Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, a mass of debris forty-five feet high, has been investigated, and several strata of ruined cities have been made out. One of these answers wonderfully well to the Homeric descriptions, and there seems now comparatively little doubt that there is far more history in the Homeric poems than was dreamed of a few years ago.

The age of which the Homeric poems give us a picture is now generally supposed to date back to the twelfth or tenth century before Christ. It used to be thought that the splendid palaces and mighty walls, the beautiful dresses and costly jewels, the richness and grace of life, of which we have a picture in the poems, were all a poet's dream; but here again the spade of the explorer testifies to the historic ac-

curacy of the poet's picture. It was a pre-historic age, much more beautiful than the historic ages which succeeded. For a rude race presently swept down from the north, and swept away the civilization which it could not appreciate.

The "Odyssey" is a more general favorite than the "Iliad," of which it is, in a way, the sequel. After Troy is given to the flames, the Greek heroes set out for home, but navigation was timid and uncertain in those days and wind and wave were dangerous foes. Odysseus, better known by his Latin name, Ulysses, has farthest to go. His domain is the island of Ithaca, on the west coast of Greece, where he had left his wife Penelope and his infant son Telemachus to join the confederates before Troy's walls. He is driven strangely out of his course, and ten more years pass—over him years of adventure on storm-tossed sea and enchanted land; for his faithful Penelope, years of sad waiting and hope deferred.

The parts of the story which Miss Barrows has woven into the play to be presented by University students at the Grand next week, are compressed into six acts. In the first the scene is Ithaca, the palace of Odysseus, where the numerous suitors for the hand and fortune of Penelope are making merry. Penelope may not send them away; hospitality was a religion to the ancient Greeks. The goddess Athena has come down from high Olympus, and appears in the disguise of a man, to young Telemachus, bidding him to seek his father. Athena departs, the sailors summon the bard Phemius, and bid him entertain them. He begins a song of Troy and of the return of the Achaeans. Penelope, from her upper chamber, hears the song, which is a heart-break, naturally, to her. She descends to beg the minstrel to choose another song, since one is as good as another to these men, who merely drink in silence.

But cease this song, this song of woe, which harrows evermore the soul within my breast."



THE GREEK PLAY NEXT WEEK.—TELEMACHUS, ATHENE AND THE SUITORS.

task, but putting off the evil day indefinitely by unravelling at night what she filled in by day. The trick has been discovered, and finally, Penelope has announced her resolve to choose that man who can shoot from the bow of Odysseus an arrow through the holes in twelve axe-blades, set up in a row. The rest can be guessed. Odysseus succeeds where all else fail, takes grim vengeance on the suitors, and reveals himself to the faithful Penelope.

The play differs greatly from the Antigone which was presented here some years ago. In the "Antigone" it will be remembered, the chorus—an essential part of a Greek play proper—was on the stage throughout, and there was consequently a great deal of music. "The Return of Odysseus," not being originally a play, but a modern dramatization of an epic poem, is different in this particular, as in many others. It is rather a series of moving pictures, interspersed with dialogue. To have conceived the idea of making a drama out of the epic was an inspiration on the part of Miss Barrows, as one of the professors of the University of Minnesota has said.

The costumes will be no insignificant feature of the production. Greek costumes are proverbially the embodiment of picturesqueness and aesthetic beauty, the soft folds and perfect draping revealing the natural outlines of the human form. It is generally admitted that no other nation has shown the sense of beauty and proportion which distinguished the Greeks. Modern taste might well take a course of lessons in this respect from the wonderful people and the far-off time pictured in the play to be produced next week at the Grand Opera House.

Freddie—What's the difference between a portrait and a photograph, dad? Colwagger—Sometimes a photograph looks like you.—Town Topics.

Lawyer vs. Dressmaker.

BY G. H. DE B.

MISS JANE WILSON having received a bill of costs from her lawyer, Mr. A. B. C. Johnston, and having at the time a dress in process of construction for Mrs. A. B. C. Johnston, on completion of same sends in an itemized account modelled on her solicitor's. The usual charge made by Miss Wilson for making a street costume is \$10.00. As will be noted, she charged exactly \$10.00 for making the suit, the remainder of the account is for extras, attendances, etc., in connection therewith.

Mrs. A. B. C. Johnston.

In account with

Miss Jane Wilson.

1900.		
Nov. 1—Attg. when Mrs. Johnston called, and gave instructions to make costume, and conference in connection therewith.	\$ 4.00	
Attg. received goods	.50	
Nov. 2—Attg. subsequently, and further conference.	1.00	
Cutting suit	1.00	
Basting same	.50	
Nov. 3—Attg. when Mrs. J. called, fitting same.	1.00	
Also long and special conference as to	1.00	
Nov. 5—Attg. telephone regarding same.	.50	
Stitching suit	1.00	
Nov. 7—Lr. to Mrs. J., to call regarding trimming, and paid	.50	\$.02
Nov. 8—Attg. on Mrs. J., who called conference as to trimmings and other matters.	1.00	
Also fitted second time	1.00	
Girl attg. to purchase more material, and paid	.50	1.00
Paid car fare of girl	.10	
Nov. 11—Reed. Lr. asking when will be ready to fit again, Lr. in reply, paid postage	.50	.02
Facing skirt	.50	
Facing waist and pressing suit	.50	
Nov. 14—Attg. on Mrs. J., who called, discussing position of matters at considerable length	1.00	
Making and putting sleeves in coat	1.00	
Attg. telephone, Mrs. J. gives ins. to change trimming	.50	
Lr. asking regarding further trimmings required by change of style, and paid	.50	.02
Nov. 16—Having reed. reply, assistant attg. to purchase, and paid car fare	.50	.10
Paid for material	.50	
Attg. Mrs. J. at 'phone, instructed to hurry work	.50	
Nov. 18—Attg. on you when called, again fitting costume	1.00	
Also conference as to	1.00	
Finishing suit	2.50	
Delivering, and paid car fare	.50	.10
Drawing bill of costs, 6 fols.	.60	
Revising and engrossing same	.60	
	\$28.20	\$1.86
Disbursements		1.86
Total		\$30.00

Some Recent Epigrams.

"Unfinished" is written at the end of the lives of all. It is not the mischievous who do the most harm; it is the mistaken.

Opportunity makes the man; opportunity unmakes the woman.

The great are only "great" in public; they are generally very little in private.

There is a mistaken impression in many quarters that no knowledge is fit to use till it has been filtered through a college professor.

Marie Bashkirtseff's Temper.

The new English three-penny society paper, "Onlooker," prints a story, from its Paris correspondent, "Adrienne," of Marie Bashkirtseff whose final letters and diaries have lately been published. The writer knew Marie Bashkirtseff, and admired her beauty and wit; nevertheless, she has no scruple in saying that Marie was "an impertinent minx." She tells the following story:

I often met her, in the house of a mutual friend, who one day gave a little fete in his country seat near Paris. Marie Bashkirtseff and Bastien Lepage graced the party, and the lovely Russian girl, who, with her halo of pale blonde hair and her clinging, soft white frock, looked like a Druidic priestess, began the day in the most triumphant mood—for was not she the star, nay, the sun, toward which we all turned our eyes, blinking before so much loveliness! Bastien Lepage, her somewhat heavy but decidedly quaint adorer, was walking in her train, the fumes of incense rising around her.

It happened, however, that myself and a friend had just returned from Venice, and a few words were said at lunch about the city so dear to all artists, and which Bastien Lepage had just then the intention of visiting. So, a little later in the afternoon, as we had both gone to sit under a shady tree somewhat apart from the noisy rest, the young painter came, bringing with him a rustic seat which he installed near ours, and began asking questions about Venice. He grew interested, and I may as well confess that we fell quite under the charm of his original mind, and that the conversation lasted a good three-quarters of an hour, if not more. Suddenly a most perfect little hand fell heavily on the young man's shoulder, and I saw Marie Bashkirtseff, white, and trembling with rage, looking at us with the eyes of a cat who sees her kittens in danger. She unceremoniously pulled the chair from under Bastien Lepage. "En bien," she cried, hoarsely, "have you nothing more interesting to do than lose your time with old women?" (To shelter our feminine vanity, let me say that the elder of us was scarcely above thirty.) Bastien Lepage got up; he could not help it, for his seat was upset on the grass: "No, nothing more interesting, mademoiselle," he answered, frigidly. A flood of tears came to the large eyes of the violent little witch, and—let those who have never loved throw the first stone—Lepage became red to the ears, turned on his heels, and left us "in the lurch."

Inevitable.

Bobby came home one day covered with dirt and bruises, and trundling a broken bicycle.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed this terrified mother.

"I ran over a big dog and took a fall," explained Bobby.

"Couldn't you see him and give him the road?"

"Yes, I saw him and was turning out, but when I got within ten feet of him I shut my eyes, and before I got 'em open again I'd run into him."

"For the land's sake, what did you shut your eyes for?"

"Couldn't help it. Had to sneeze. If you think you can hold your eyes open when the sneeze comes, you just try it some day."

If the reader thinks Bobby's excuse was not a valid one, let him try it some day, "when the sneeze comes."

Miss Askington—How do married men kill time? Aunt Sarah—With their clubs, mostly.—"Broadway."

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 Trav... Tuesday, Jan. 15, 10 a.m.
 Lahn... Tuesday, Jan. 23, 10 a.m.
 Trav... Tuesday, Feb. 12, 10 a.m.
 Lahn... Tuesday, Feb. 20, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen

Weimar... Thursday, Dec. 6, 8 a.m.
 Friedrich der Grosse, Thursday, Dec. 13, 10 a.m.
 Triet... Thursday, Dec. 20, 3 p.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

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 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, January 12, 10 a.m.
 Werra, January 19, Kaiser Wm. II, January 26, 10 a.m.

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Anecdotal.

One of the best geographical sayings was Lord Dufferin's, who, when the master of Trinity and others were discussing the question whether the Homeric geography could be trusted, remarked: "Homer must have been a good geographer; he was born in so many places."

An amusing story is told of how once in London the late Earl of Portsmouth grew impatient at the slow pace at which his cab was proceeding. Throwing his head out of the window, he roared at the cabman in his unadorned Devonshire voice to proceed. The man answered abruptly that the streets were crowded. "Crowded, bless my heart, man—clear the road. I'm the Earl of Portsmouth!" The cabman laughed disbelievingly. "You may be Lord Portsmouth in Devonshire, sir, but you ain't Lord Almighty up here!" A quick retort that touched His Lordship's sense of humor.

Not very long ago Lord Rosebery, happening to call at Marlborough House by request, found the Prince of Wales seated at an open window quite lost in a certain book he was reading. As an opportunity presented itself His Lordship remarked: "Your Royal Highness must indeed be interested in your book. Might I ask the name of it?" "Certainly," replied the Prince. "A favorite writer of mine—Swinburne." "Swinburne!" said Lord Rosebery, in a very surprised manner. "Swinburne! Very magnificent, certainly, but your Royal Highness, I expect, finds him rather 'sultry,' if I may use such a word?" "Yes, a trifle," said the Prince, laughing. "But, you see, I am reading him with the window open!"

Funny stories relating to the new Lord Chief Justice of England are rare, but one was current not long since which represented Sir R. Webster in a nutshell. A hansom he had taken on his way to the Law Courts was run into, and his driver being threatened with a summons, Sir Richard offered to appear as a witness, and gave the man his name. As the case was being heard he entered the police court, and was courteously requested to take a seat on the bench. A decision was readily given in cabby's favor, on the merits, and Sir Richard promptly left, but found the man waiting outside with his cab. "Jump in, sir," he cried, "I'll drive yer anywhere. I knowed it 'ud be all right when I saw yer up there a-squar'ing of the bench!"

Schoolcraft, who gave to Longfellow the legends of Hiawatha, told Mrs.

the legends of Hiawatha, told Mrs.

the legends of Hiawatha, told Mrs.

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The Season of Gift-giving.

A Quaint Book. To the Finish.

ALWAYS, about this season, at least one-half of the earth's population hereabouts is worrying secretly over the selection of Christmas boxes. The other half has either so much money that buying is merely a detail, or so little that the concoction is a delightful triumph of ingenuity, or belongs to the people who ignore Christmas. But with a small amount of money one has big ideas. I could easily spend a little hundred upon flowers alone, had I a free hand and my usual adoration of pretty women as an incentive. Beauty roses and other like snares for dollar bills get a quite fictitious value at Christmas time. The other alternative, promiscuous gift-giving, the book, remains at its usual price. Flowers fade, but a well-chosen book lasts. Therefore, books seem good things to consider as Christmas tokens. There are several very beautiful things in the book line this year, but the most delightful, crazy, fascinating one of all, which youngsters haul from under the pillow in early morning and giggle over before their elders are awake is the tale of Alice, blown off the earth in a cyclone, her spasm TOTO, and her chance acquaintances, the cowardly lion, the scarerow, and the tin-woodman. If any children are without this wondrous narrative on Christmas morning it won't be because I haven't asked their elders to buy it for them. You will find it called "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," and it seems to flash its fantastic pictures at you from every bookshop window.

There will be some gift-giving which no one much will know of. Let me tell you of some I came across by chance. It was six o'clock on Christmas morning, sparkling, dark, and cold; before the door of the mansion stood a roomy and mysterious sleigh, piled with black robes, which were humped up into queer shapes, and pressed down by great bundles and boxes. The coachman and groom were busy stowing more small parcels upon the seat, when a little woman came out. "Merry Christmas to you both," she said, beamingly. "Here's your Christmas box," handing to each an envelope. "Now let us lose no time. There are a good many, aren't there?" John touched his hat and grinned as he pocketed his envelope. "Twenty-five, ma'am. We'll drive fast, and thank you, ma'am." From the big black bearskin hat of the coachman came a deep, "I wish you a happy Christmas, and thank you, ma'am," and the little lady whirled off in the dark—at six o'clock on a Christmas morning. Before small houses the sleigh stopped, and the little lady got out, indicating to the footman the particular parcel, basket, or bundle she wanted. There was a wait, sometimes a long one, but in most of the small houses one could hear scrambling, and see the gleam of a surly oil lamp. There was always laughter and glad voices and cries of "Oh, thank you," and "God bless you," and "Merry Christmas," which followed the track of the big sleigh like a phosphorescence of loving gratitude. "How many more, John?" asked the little lady's voice at last, very quiet and tired, and subdued. "Just five, ma'am; you won't get out again!" "Oh, but I will. Now, go as fast as you can, for we must be home by nine o'clock." The thoroughbred fled along in the new Christmas sunlight, the snow sparkling in the frosty air, and the grime on their nostrils and on the collars of the furry coachman and footman. Just five more, an old, old couple, who gave the little lady greetings in a brogue unmistakable; a portentous basket to a noisy little group of youngsters, whose mother stood speechless, with a flush on her cheek and a tear in her eye. "How did ye know?" she stammered. "My man's laid by." "Yes, I know, I saw him in the hospital. He sends you his love, and says to have a good Christmas dinner, and bring baby to see him at three. I shall come again to see how you are doing. 'Now, John.' And away went the sleigh again. Only three more, a sick girl, to whom went a small package, a book, and a box from Dunlop. A worn woman who stood shading her eyes as the thoroughbred came prancing down the street, and said, "She hasn't forgotten me," as she went to the sleigh and lifted out blankets from the floor and a turkey from the front seat. "Now to mother's," said the little lady, and there were kisses and welcomes, and a hot cup of tea waiting, and her last duty done. She lives in Toronto, and will probably do the same queer thing this year.

The interest of the war in South Africa is not over. It is deepening with the retirement of the keen, wise, and kindly Roberts, and the letting loose of the iron man Kitchener. I should think some South African people would just as soon be Chinese when the wind changes, and the new state of affairs reaches them. "Hae done," seems to be the growl of the exasperated lion, and he is allowed to essay his method of making a finish. Kitchener has been made a bug-a-booby of a woman-hater, a merciless devastator, and a man without sympathies so long that if it were not for that blessed yarn of the little Dutch girl whose tears and indomitable courage turned him from his path of punishment just once, we should all hate him, as women will, for being beyond influence. The yarn has never been contradicted—it is history, and it smiles upon the grisly record of Lord Kitchener's career, like one of those dear, wee flowerets which surprise one, as they bloom merrily out of some crevice in a wall of rock. Hats off to the little Dutch girl, anyway.

The most pitiful procession which I have ever followed in my mind is that of the ex-President of the Transvaal and his moneybags. France made a monkey of him, Germany cut him, Holland and the United States remain—unless he would care to try Canada. Kruger and his booty are

evidently not wanted in any level-headed community. It is the anti-climax of "He who fights and runs away." And I am wondering what Mrs. Kruger, the foot-washing old dame, thinks of her Pooty now? It seems she is rather out of the running, after Margot and Jeanne of the sabots, but all things come to those who wait, and she will probably follow on. By the way, if one be at all inclined to Boerishness, I think a salutary antidote would be to read Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm." It didn't arouse my sympathies for the farmers to any great extent. Talking of sympathies, was it not a touching moment when the dear little Lady of Windsor broke down in thanking our boys for their gallant work in South Africa last Saturday? The tears of an old lady are rare and precious, and of such an old lady, too!

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The best health habit to get into is to have and keep a vigorous stomach; if you have a healthy digestion you can drink your beloved coffee, smoke your favorite brand of tobacco, with little or no harm; the mischief begins when these things are forced upon the faithful stomach, without any assistance.

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Ask the clerk in any drug store the name of the most successful and popular stomach remedy, and he will say Stuart's.

Sir William Van Horne's interest in Japan has caused him to undertake an extended history of Japanese art, which will be published in many volumes, illustrated in color by Sir William himself, with sketches of all the exquisite gems in his own collection.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every correspondence sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Archibutek—It is rather a pity you wrote on lines. You are strong, bright, love to rule, and can do it pretty well. Your courage, self-reliance, and enterprising nature are a bit fond of talking in a discursive way, and never ill-naturedly. Temperament is generally cheerful, some tenacity of opinion, warm affection, and a rather material nature are shown. You are fond of art, and are generally of broad sympathies, and a somewhat impressionable and affectionate person. You would be exceedingly loyal, a good business woman, and a probable manager of men and things. A fine vein of third thought hatching inspiration. 2. She wasn't bold or bad knowingly, simply ignorant of the weight of opinion against her acts. Your two enclosures are not in the limit. See the rules.

Lover of Toronto—Things in general and I don't always agree. That was our little mistake. Your writing shows imagination, wool gathering in fact, uncertain impulse, light and bright mental impressions, much frankness of speech, erratic judgment, not very marked dis-

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erelon. Writer is ambitious, speculative, and has a good deal to learn. The hand is not strong, but probably clever, and are perhaps over hasty sometimes in jumping to conclusions. Don't be discouraged under hindrances or difficulties. You'll come out all right. I don't think you have had many to contend against, but there's a streak of pessimism in your final. You are not always logical, nor do you carry a train of sense—which I can't give you, that useful quality being endogenous. Never mind the rival, and don't waste time worrying over the man. If he wants you he will say so; if he doesn't, perhaps some one else will. Your writing is both immature and insincere, but it has great force; some day it will richly repay a study. In the meantime, keep out of love, as the emotions will be a tripping up for you, unless you greatly change.

E.D.H.—I haven't spun along much this year, my dear. Seem there's never time for riding now, or I am growing too lazy. If this warm weather lasts, I must certainly try and have a "spin." Your writing shows a bright, somewhat humorous, cautious, and not very determined person, easily influenced in some ways, and generally hopeful and agreeable. You have clear thought and pretty good sense, not very strong emotions, are somewhat conservative, and innocent of duplicity.

An Autumn Baby.—What do I think of the boy preacher? I haven't formed any opinion, my dear; in fact, I don't even know who the boy preacher is. Boys don't generally bore me by sermons, whatever other wickedness they indulge in. Don't you be judging my people go to hear him. Very likely they like your washday's son aged eleven, may receive some useful pointers in the right direction. October 19 is ruled by the Zodiacal sign Libra, the scales. Its children are very liable to teeter, now up, now down, and they are bright, original, and lovable generally, but have Libral people. You are dominant, self-reliant, very firm and strong in purpose, constant, and a bit inclined to pessimism, generous ideas, discretion and sense, good sequence of ideas, and an inclination to grasp and hold are yours. You have good system, and are prideful and overcautious. I think time will complete your character.

Imogene.—Kindly read rules. This is a very sympathetic, attractive, and harmless study, but isn't it a quotation? I decide. You are sensitive, imaginative, and decidedly clever, it may be in some trade or business demanding quickness and observation. Affection is good, and a fine, firm, ideas, a bit disintegrated, temper fine, and enterprising also. You will be well worth further culture. Don't neglect any chances.

Sweethearts.—I can't do more, my boy. Please read rules. Your own writing

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"Why did you lynch him?" we asked the mob.
"Well, he confessed."
This seemed reasonable, but again we asked:
"Why did you lynch the other man?"
"Because he wouldn't confess, would you turn him!"—"Town Topics."

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THE concert of the Toronto Singers' Club on Tuesday night in Massey Hall was the occasion of the introduction of Herr Ernst von Dohnanyi, the talented young Hungarian pianist. The club, by engaging this artist for their principal attraction, showed much commendable enterprise, and have put the select musical public under an obligation. Herr Dohnanyi won an instant and complete triumph, compelling the admiration not only of the critical musician, but of that large proportion of his audience who make no claim to special musical knowledge. He is singularly modest and unassuming in demeanor, and seems to be free from mannerisms or affectation of any kind. A slight swaying of the body when he is playing is his only peculiarity—a very inoffensive one, it must be admitted. As an emotional interpreter he shows warmth of feeling without violence or exaggeration, and a delicacy and refinement of sentiment which is rare in young artists. He has a well-developed, plastic, and sensitive touch, and produces a tone which, rich and mellow, is beautifully graduated according to the requirements of the music, and which shows to advantage in singing passages. His phrasing is very finished, and distinguished for subtle and delicate nuances. As to mere technique, he has plenty of it—enough and to spare for the demands of all legitimate compositions for the instrument. With all these endowments and with such highly developed talent, there should be a brilliant future before this youth of twenty-three years. Herr Dohnanyi's programme selection consisted of Mendelssohn's Preludium and Fugue in E minor, Beethoven's Andante in F, and Rondo Capriccio, op. 129, Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp, op. 36, the Liszt-Schubert Solenne de Vienne, and the Liszt transcription of the celebrated Rakoczy march. The latter number was the only composition that was at all disappointing in effect. It seemed impossible to work up that power, and frenzied abandon of national passion which Berlioz succeeded in developing in his orchestral transcription, and which Berlioz himself relates inspired his Hungarian hearers to unrestrained enthusiasm. If there has ever been a pianist who could have satisfied one in this number it was probably Rubinstein. Dohnanyi is, however, not a tempestuous player, and it is doubtful whether he will ever be able to produce such a overwhelming fortissimo and crescendos as those with which Rubinstein astonished his audiences. But all the musical qualities which I have already enumerated were in evidence in his rendering of the theme of the Beethoven Andante was extremely tender and beautiful, and of the Rondo, a delightful example of dainty crispness of accent and clarity of phrasing. The Mendelssohn and Chopin numbers revealed the soloist's appreciation of nuance. A particularly beautiful effect was obtained in Bruch's Jubilate, Amen for chorus and soprano solo, a taking number, most felicitous in idea. The club in their subdued singing, so well sustained, gave evidence of most conscientious care in the preparation of this number on the part of their conductor. It is no exaggeration to say that the Jubilate made the great hit of the evening. The applause was very enthusiastic, and the second part had to be repeated. Miss Teresa Flanagan's solo by way of obbligato which formed so charming a contrast to the choral theme, can be honestly praised. Her clear voice, pure in quality, and without much color, seemed most appropriate in the circumstances. She sang, moreover, very prettily and engagingly. Other numbers by the club which may be singled out for notice, were Bohn's Calm as the Night and Pini's In This Hour of Softened Splendor, both of which were warmly applauded. Miss Olga McAlpine, a talented pupil of Mr. Schuch, won a genuine triumph by her singing of Schira's Song. She has a voice of warm color and sympathetic timbre, and sings with natural expression. This young lady was enthusiastically recalled and encored, and may be congratulated on her success. Owing to the rain the attendance was unfortunately small, but those who were present were well repaid for the slight inconvenience occasioned them by the weather.

A vocal recital will be given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening, December 13, by vocal pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, assisted by piano pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison.

Last Saturday afternoon a good programme was rendered at the Toronto College of Music by pupils from intermediate and advanced grades. The teachers represented were Mr. F. H. Torrington, Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mr. P. S. Hook, Mrs. Malon, Mrs. Howson and Mr. J. C. Arlidge. The programme was as follows: Chopin, Waltz, op. 64, No. 1, Laura Taylor; Meyer-Helmund,

Reverie, Mabel McKnight; Ronald, Roses Asleep, vocal, Mabel Robinson; Chopin, Polonaise, Violet Long; Hawley, Greeting, vocal, Mary Miller; Chopin, Waltz, op. 64, No. 2, Nora Jones; Lohr, Blondina, vocal, Miss C. Davidson; Chopin, Scherzo, B flat minor, Miriam Thompson; Chaminade, Pas des Amphores, Mary Miller; Schubert-Liszt, Soirée de Vienne, No. 6, Cecile Williamson; Sinding, Marche Grottesque and Fruhlingsrauchen, Jessie Allen; Clinton, Cavatina; flute solo, Mr. Turner.

One of the best-abused musical works of modern times seems to have been Tschalkovsky's violin concerto written in 1877 and dedicated to Auer. Auer never, it seems, tried to play it, notwithstanding the dedication. Tschalkovsky, in his diary of his tour in 1888, tells the following story of the reception of the concerto when Brodsky played it in 1882: "I was staying in Rome, and going into a cafe chance to pick up a number of the 'Nouveau Presse,' containing a criticism by the celebrated Hanslick of a concert given by the Vienna Philharmonic Society, the programme of which included my unlucky concerto which Auer's verdict had doomed to extinction. Hanslick found fault with the player, none other than Brodsky himself, for his unfortunate selection, and cut up my poor concerto unmercifully, not sparing the pearls of his caustic humor nor the poisoned arrows of his sarcasm. 'We know,' he writes, 'that certain works have recently appeared in contemporary literature, the authors of which delight in reproducing certain revolting physiological phenomena, as, for example, disgusting smells. Such literature may be well termed stinking music.' On reading this notice by the celebrated and influential critic, I called up a lively picture of all the energy and pains that Brodsky must have expended in carrying out the performance of my 'stinking' concerto, and thought how annoying and unpleasant he would find this kind criticism upon a friend and compatriot. I hastened therefore to express my warmest gratitude to Brodsky, and learned from the letter he wrote in reply what difficulties and trials he had gone through in order to accomplish his aim—the restitution of my concerto from the depths of oblivion. Afterwards Brodsky played the stinking concerto everywhere, and everywhere the critics abused him in the same style of Hanslick. But the deed was done; my concerto was saved, and is now frequently played." On reading these words of Tschalkovsky one can only think that Hanslick wrote a criticism that was unworthy of him as a journalist and a gentleman. The word stinking is not one that can appropriately be applied to any music, no matter how vulgar it may be, and the critic's employment of the term was simply a bit of malignant spite. What a contrast to poor Tschalkovsky's mild and unvengeful comments. The composer proved himself the true gentleman in this episode.

Miss Emily Findlay, A.T.C.M., one of Mrs. Reynolds Reburn's most talented pupils, has been appointed soprano soloist of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Bloor street. Miss Findlay has filled a similar position in Westminster Presbyterian Church for the past two years.

A large number of seats have been disposed of for the piano recital to be given in the Guild Hall on Wednesday evening next by Miss Alice M. Robinson. The programme promises to be an unusually enjoyable one, and the solo pianist is fortunate in the assistance of such well-known artists as Miss Dora L. McMurtry, soprano; Mr. George Fox, violinist; Mr. R. Drummond, baritone, and Mr. Leslie Hodgson, accompanist. Tickets are on sale at Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co.'s music store, Yonge street.

As an indication of the widespread interest which is being taken in the work of the Mendelssohn Choir throughout the country it might be mentioned that subscriptions have been received from professional musicians from points as far east as Montreal and as far west as Sarnia. Parties for the concert have been formed in Peterboro, Kingston, London, Hamilton, Wallaceburg, Berlin, Waterloo, St. Thomas and Stratford, and the seating capacity of the hall will be more than taxed to overflowing. The purpose of the committee and conductor to develop a chorus of more than local significance seems to have been recognized in a most emphatic manner throughout the country. The logical development of the plans of those in charge of the future of the society is certain to exercise a great influence on choral singing throughout Canada. In the quality of the voices, the proficiency of the chorus not only in the discipline of its work, but in its mastery of the aesthetic beauties of the exacting programme chosen for its concert on January 24 it is expected a new record will be established by the chorus.

Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, the popular Toronto baritone, has been meeting with much success this fall. He has appeared so far since October in London, Galt, Beeton, Preston, Stratford, Guelph, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Uxbridge, Aurora, Hamilton and other places in Ontario, besides at numerous

concerts in Massey Hall and churches in this city.

The last number of "Music" of Chicago contains an article by Miss Amy Fay on the future of women as composers. She thinks that women will one day produce their contingent of great masters (?). Since it took fifty thousand years (that being the antiquity of the human race, according to John Fiske) to produce one male Beethoven, she thinks we ought to allow more than a century for women to come to the front. The New York "Post," in commenting upon the article, says that, as a matter of fact, in music women always have had the same opportunities as men—nay, even better ones; yet to this day not a single great composition can be traced to a feminine pen. Not only Beethoven, but a thousand other men have written better music than any woman has.

Verdi recently passed his eighty-seventh birthday at his Saint Agata villa. The Italian Minister of Education sent him a congratulatory message in which he referred to him as having been for more than a half century the pride and glory of Italy.

It is said that the biggest symphony ever composed is that in C minor by Gustav Mahler, the distinguished Viennese conductor. It has six movements scored for two orchestras, organ, solo voices and chorus. It was produced at Berlin in 1896, but was not appreciated there. Recently, however, it scored a triumph at Munich, where it was played by the Kaim Orchestra. Mahler, it is said, has secured by his combination effects of wonderful sonority.

The New York "Evening Post" admits that since the death of Seidl and the departure of Theodore Thomas New York has become a second-rate town, so far as the higher musical life is concerned, and says that this deplorable state of affairs can be remedied only by getting up a fund and importing a great conductor from Europe.

At Glasgow next year an international exhibition is to be held, at which a feature will be the appearance of several bands from the Continent. The band of the Guides from Brussels, and the bands of the Royal Bavarian Artillery, the First German Naval Division from Kiel, and the Royal Band from the Hague have been engaged. The remuneration of the Guides will be £450 a week.

An amusing lapsus lingue, says "Truth," is reported from a suburban church, which shall be nameless. It is a church with a mixed choir, and the ladies protested against being arrayed in surplices—perhaps being unwilling to be confounded with the gentlemen, also clothed in these glorified nightgowns; perhaps, also, because they preferred to sport more fashionable costumes. The clergyman combated their arguments for some time, and then finally laid down the law, "surplices or nothing." The blushing damsels of the amazed choir accepted the surplices.

A very interesting piano and song recital was given on Thursday of last week in the Bathurst Street Methodist Church by Messrs. George D. Atkinson, pianist, and F. Hancock-Matthews, basso, assisted by Miss Evelyn Martin, solo violinist. Mr. Atkinson, who is a talented pupil of Mr. Frank S. Welsman, gave among other numbers the Chopin Nocturne in B major and Prelude in D flat, Sinding's Fruhlingsrauchen and Rachmaninoff's popular prelude in C sharp minor. In all these he displayed musicianly qualities as an interpreter, combined with a well-developed technique and a full and refined tone. Mr. Matthews, who is a pupil of Mr. Rechab Tandy at the Conservatory of Music, sang expressively and in fine voice Pini's Bedouin Love Song, and Wagner's Evening Star. Miss Martin was very successful in her solos, Godard's Jocelyn Berceuse, and Grieg's Albionair, receiving an enthusiastic encore for the last-named.

George Chrystal Brown, tenor soloist at Trinity Methodist Church, has been engaged to sing the role of Leo in Telmann's military cantata, Leo, the Royal Cadet, to be presented at Massey Hall, on December 20 and 21.

Mr. T. R. Walker has accepted the position of choir leader, and Mr. Theodore Ives that of organist in the Disciple Church, Toronto Junction. Both gentlemen pursued their studies at the Toronto Junction College of Music, and a much improved song service is looked for under their leadership. Mr. Walker comes from the choir of Central Methodist Church, and is a pupil of Mrs. Chattoe-Morton. Mr. Ives was the winner of a piano scholarship offered by Miss McLean, and is now studying the organ with Mr. A. S. Vogt.

The promenade concert in the Armourees on Wednesday evening of last week was much in the nature of a disappointment. There was a good attendance, it is true, but the playing of the Chicago Marine Band did not come up to expectations. It was lacking in the distinction of a fine band; the tone from the brass and wood sounded coarse and lacking fullness, and the conductor, Mr. T. P. Brooke, directed some of the music at a pace which did not commend itself to one's judgment, to say nothing of being a departure from the practice of the best conductors. In regard to the playing of the band, some allowance must be made for the unsuitability of the locale, the Armourees being admittedly a bad place for sound, as was proved conclusively on the occasion of the concerts of Godfrey's British Band. The only two numbers of any musical merit were the Jubilee Overture of Weber, a selection from Carmen, and the first movement from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and an arrangement of the quartette from Rigoletto. The Carmen selection was badly arranged, and interpreted without significance. The bugle band of the G.O.R. assisted in a fanfare militaire, and in one of Sousa's marches. The vocalist was Mrs. Harriet Bement Packard, a

soprano with a brilliant voice, who gave a display vocal waltz by Greg.

Mr. Torrington's second popular concert of chamber music in Victoria Hall on Monday evening was well attended and much enjoyed. The artists who appeared were Miss Lande's, pianist; Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, flautist; Miss Richardson, cellist; Miss Mansfield, pianist; Mr. Smith, violin, and Messrs. J. A. Arlidge and J. W. Carnahan and Miss Pearl O'Neill, vocalists. Concerted numbers by Beethoven and Weber formed part of the scheme, which was well carried out. The next concert is arranged for January 7.

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Social and Personal.

Last Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones of Laawhaden gave one of the most brilliant and artistic receptions which I have ever attended in Toronto. The beauty of Laawhaden, when in gala array, is such as to satisfy the most exigent, and the pleasure of being surrounded by so much that is artistic and precious was enhanced by the privilege of hearing some really fine singing. The songs were sweet and generally popular old gems, such as Flow Softly Sweet Afton, Mary of Argyle, and a patriotic song for Mr. Sherlock's sweet high tenor; Calm as the Night, The Old Plaid Shawl, and a setting of Tosti's Good-bye for Miss Grant's full contralto; Leave Me Not, The Shoogey Shoo, the Intermezzo from Mascagni's opera, for Miss Flannigan, and Mr. Drummond's great number, the Prologue to Pagliacci, for which Miss Melvin-Jones played an inspiring accompaniment. The music was so very good, and so much enjoyed by the more critical part of the company that it naturally takes first place among the very many pleasures of the reception. I think Mr. Musgrave was the accompanist for the other songs. The guests were welcomed by Mrs. Melvin-Jones in the library, through which a constant stream of smart women and fine men passed to the drawing-room, music-room, dining-room, and balcony, which was recently glazed for a winter smoking-room, and formed a wide and easy passage from the crowded rooms to the main hall. Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a rich purple gown, opening over a guimpe of white chiffon, and her young daughter and assistant hostess was very smart in pink brocade, panelled over soft pleated chiffon and touched with gold spangles. Miss Melvin-Jones handed to each guest a tiny little pink and gold programme of the songs to be heard, and the music-room was soon lined with a triple row of people, whose applause was involuntary after each number. In the dining-room was set a dream of a refreshment table, all white and gold and silver, with decorations of fine yellow and white chrysanthemums and white hyacinths. Another small table was set on the balcony, and there also were cosy chairs, soft Oriental rugs and pretty lights. A few of the hundreds present were: Lady Howland, Lady Taylor, Mrs. and Miss Peters, Mrs. and the Misses Lister, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. M. Lock, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Dr. Hardy, Mrs. and the Misses Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Miss Marie ope, Mr. Harry Hees, Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riddell, Miss Fitzhugh, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Miss Helen Armstrong, Rev. Armstrong and Mrs. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Miss Miles, Miss Drury, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Charlie Temple, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Ravenshaw, Mr. and Mrs. James, Miss James, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Riddell, Major Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther, Mr. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Johnston, Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Miss Dwight, Mrs. and Miss Goodenham, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. and McDowell, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mrs. and Miss Myles, Mr. and Mrs. George Broughall, Mrs. E. S. and Miss Cox, Mrs. and Miss Dignam and Sir John van Hoogenhouck Tulleken, Miss Jessie Rowand, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Taylor of Florsheim and the Misses Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart, Mrs. and Miss Geary, Mr. Geary, Mrs. and Miss Kate Ross, Mrs. Carveth, Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Milla, Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. O. Howland, Mr. Castelli Hopkins, Mrs. Catherine and Miss Enid Wornum, Mrs. Herbert Robinson, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Mr. Hugo Ross, Captain and Mrs. G. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Willison and Miss Hazel Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hilton, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Miss Muriel Steele of Hamilton, Mr. Sydney Band, Miss Naomi Wilson, Miss Somerville, Mr. Finucane, Mr. Mackay.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt gave an informal tea to a number of ladies, which was laughingly called a pianola tea, as that festive instrument was much in evidence, and played some smart selections during the afternoon. Mrs. Nesbitt received in the drawing-room. In the tea room were three charming people: Mrs. Jack Nesbitt (nee Maclean of Hamilton), Miss Sovereign and Miss Worts in charge of the dainties for the refreshment of the guests. A huge mound of golden bloom, round and perfect 'mums, centred the table, and Miss Worts and Miss Sovereign poured tea and coffee. Mrs. Nesbitt has another tea next Monday.

At a recent tea, a little lady whose gowns are always distractingly lovely, appeared in a pale grey velvet robe, stamped with a fern-like pattern, broad collar of white Brussels lace, rich and beautifully spread between the shoulders from revers opening over a soft white chemise. The comments of the women on this rich, yet simple, robe showed that there was nothing in their vocabulary to quite meet the demands of their admiration.

Miss Fitzpatrick of Quebec is the guest of Mrs. G. P. Magann, at Thorncliffe.

Mrs. E. Y. Reburn (formerly Miss Norma Reynolds) is now settled in her new home, 38 Bernard avenue, and will receive for the first time Friday, December 14, from three until nine o'clock, and afterwards on the first and third Fridays of each month.

This afternoon Mrs. Hammond gives a reception for the bride-elect, Miss Crombie. On Thursday Miss Hees gave a luncheon to her bridesmaids, and a

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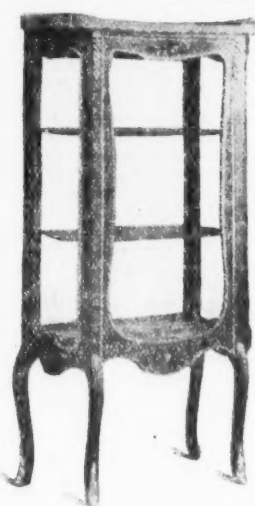
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luncheon for this bride-elect and her maids is on at McConkey's to-day.

Mrs. Barnhart (nee Coleman) will receive next Thursday, and on Thursdays during the winter, at her apartments in the Rossin, where she and Mr. Barnhart are settled for the season. Mrs. Henri Suydam, her elder sister, received for the first time in her new home, 62 Madison avenue yesterday. Mrs. Suydam, Mrs. Barnhart and Mrs. Douglas are three charming sisters, and Toronto is favored by fate in their having taken up their residence in this city, where they have always been most popular.

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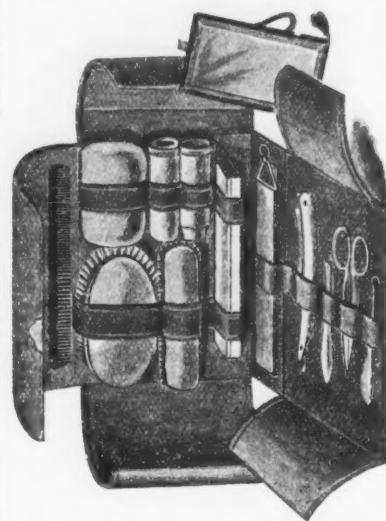
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The choice of gift-books to present to those we care for, at the festive seasons of Christmas and New Year is indeed difficult, nay bewildering. The following jottings may be of use to those who find it hard to determine what they shall buy for their friends and beneficiaries.

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LOUIS FRECHETTE'S CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA. A handsome two-dollar book, beautifully bound, and illustrated from designs by Fred. Simpson Coburn. This fine book is in its second season of public favour, but it has not by any means worn out its welcome, on the contrary it is more popular than ever.

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Books for the Holidays

MR. W. A. FRASER is well known both as a noted magazine writer and as a novelist. As the author of *Mooswa*, a tale, or rather a series of tales of animal life, he bids fair to earn a reputation as one of the foremost of contemporary writers. Although he has been in the literary field but a comparatively short time, beginning writing in 1894, he has already earned distinction, and his writings stamp him as a man of literary genius and one possessed of high ability. His *Mooswa* is a splendid piece of work, and evidences a deep insight into the habits of the different animals indigenous to the great Canadian Northwest. The volume is beautifully illustrated by the celebrated Canadian artist, Mr. Hemling. Both author and artist are conversant with their animals, and *Mooswa*, the moose, caribou, the wolverine, black fox, whistling jack, the lynx, the woodchuck, the bear, and Rolf, the blue wolf, are all described and spoken of by the Indian names. The descriptive work in the book is exciting a large amount of admiration from the book reviewers, many of whom are of the opinion that the animal talks are equal if not superior to the best of Kipling's jungle tales. Personally, Mr. Fraser is a charming companion, and has an inexhaustible fund of bright anecdote and witty chat with which to while away the passing moments. A man of wide experience in India, the east and west of America, and a journalist in European capitals, he is a cosmopolitan in the truest sense, and is equally at home on the Afghanistan frontier, the mountains and prairies of the west or the drawing-rooms of Belgravia. Mr. Fraser has a soft spot in his heart for newspaper men, and never loses an opportunity of looking them up. He states that the journalist is separate and distinct in literary work from the magazine writer or the author, the training is different, and as a general rule, when a man enters the journalistic field he sticks to it. However, newspaper men frequently develop into magazine writers and authors of the front rank, and Mr. Fraser mentioned several notable instances, such as Richard Harding Davis, Stephen Crane, Robert Barr, and the great Kipling.

Just at present Mr. Fraser is preparing a series of magazine articles for the London publisher, Pearson, and has been living in the west for the last few months gathering material. As he states himself, he always lives amongst his people of the plains and mountains when he is out for the purpose of studying them and their habits. He is well and popularly known to the trappers, hunters and plainsmen of the West, and is never happier than when listening to the tales of the old-timers or in obtaining a deeper insight into the nature of the Western Indian. His latest book, *Mooswa*, has been running as a serial in the "Saturday Evening Post," and in one of two British publications. It has recently been issued in book form by Scribner's and William Briggs of Toronto. As an evidence of its popularity it may be mentioned that Scribner's first edition was sold before it was published, and a second edition is now being run off. The Canadian edition is being rapidly disposed of, and it is considered one of the very few really successful books of the year.

An irate man came into a Toronto bookseller's the other day and said: "Look here, if you go selling me any more books like the *Woman Tenderfoot* I shall have to come to you for an extra supply of street car tickets. Last night, on getting the book, I began to read it, and got so interested that I was actually taken half a mile past my own door, and had to get out and walk back like a fool." No better testimony need be given as to the interesting qualities of this fine and lively book of adventure among the woods and animals of the Northwest. Mrs. Seton-Thompson carries her readers with her, while, by the aid of the illustrations drawn by her husband and his artistic friends, his imagination is still further aided. The advance sale of the book was exceedingly encouraging, and it goes without saying that those who know the great "animal book" written by the author's husband, will be quite ready to have this as a companion book. The New York "Times Saturday Review" thus elo-

quently speaks of *A Woman Tenderfoot*: "One gladly gives in his testimony that he has twice read it from cover to cover—the second time aloud to an enraptured boy, who begged for more and more, until exhausted nature called for a halt. One rarely happens on such a refreshing volume. It breathes the very atmosphere of the high, pure attitudes; it has hunting stories, a snake story, more than one thrilling adventure, pleasanter in the retrospect than in the experience, and a bloodcurdling day, a murderous cook. . . . We commend her book—and most emphatically her riding habit and method—to all womankind, as an object lesson in not a few directions."

From the South comes what is modestly termed "an appreciation" by a correspondent writing to the "Times Saturday Review":

"In *Sentimental Tommy* there can be plainly read a promise of some definite conclusion, and now that promise has been fulfilled, richly, splendidly, in *Tommy and Grizel*. It is only with a feeling of reverence that one can speak of this new work—this masterpiece of the master—for Mr. Barrie has conceived, out of the depths of an artist's soul, a character so wonderful as to fill us with amazement, though the personality itself may be repulsive. . . . Of Grizel it is less difficult to speak; she is a heavenly woman, all love and strength and truth. It seems cruel that she should have to know the worst of Tommy, even after his death, but she always loved the truth and could bear it, and had she not learned it our last glimpse of her might have been without the crooked smile. If Tommy is what Carlyle calls all sentimentalists—the perpetual lesson of despair—then is Grizel the incarnation of hope, of good, and of sweetness and light. We have been walking in a wilderness of mediocre literature, deafened by the din and strife of the historical novel, and now Mr. Barrie's voice is heard above all this tumult, rich with the promise of better things from others. We can but cry aloud with Jean Paul: 'Birds of Darkness are on the wing, spectres approach, the dead walk, the living dream; Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt cause tea dawn.'"

The Christmas number of "Scribner's Magazine" shows three different kinds of color printing. The cover is an elaborate design by Maxfield Parrish, which it has taken nine printings to reproduce. The frontispiece is a delicate reproduction in color of a painting of a mother and child, by Jessie Wilcox Smith, and, in the body of the magazine, in a very illuminating article by the distinguished art critic, John L. Farge, on "Puis de Chavannes," are six full-page pictures of some famous decorative paintings by Puvion. These have been most faithfully reproduced in the colors of the originals.

"The Patriotic Calendar" is a blaze of gold and color, mostly good and some of it royally deep and rich. There is no name on it, so I cannot commend the publisher of this record of the South African war and the part our soldiers took in it. It is well worth buying as a souvenir of the year, and when our school boys have grand children they will show it with pride. The verses, Rally Round the British Banner are perfunctory close to patriotic doggerel, but the sentiment makes them go. I certainly congratulate the lithographers, whoever they are. I would recommend the purchasers of this calendar to take it apart and hang it all over a room, and when the year is over to put it away until some night of reminiscence causes someone to hunt for it.

From the author of *The Master*, a novel which was decidedly the book of the day, we naturally expect great things, and Mr. Zangwill has not disappointed us in his new book, *The Mantle of Elijah*. The book is an advance on his previous works, strong as they undoubtedly were, and the New York "Times Saturday Review" says: "The consensus of opinion among English reviewers is that it is far and away Mr. Zangwill's best work." The book was issued in England late in November, but the Canadian edition has been delayed owing to Mr. Zangwill's having revised his work since the issue of the English edition. Harpers were fortunate in securing the book as a

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THE STANDARD (London) says: "The book is crammed full of striking characteristics of all sorts, and of writing that carries one away with sheer cleverness. Mr. Zangwill has written a remarkable book that will greatly enhance his reputation."

THE MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE says: "Mr. Zangwill's remarkable new novel, 'THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH' is vivid and moving. Mr. Zangwill's style is replete with vigor. The narrative is rich in dramatic climaxes and will be staged later."

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Every lover of exquisite English, every lover of pure romance, every lover of birds, and every lover of beautiful books, should buy "A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath" by James Lane Allen. In his new preface to this exquisite edition, James Lane Allen writes in a delightfully personal way of Kentucky, the source and inspiration of all his stories. Cover of cardinal

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"KIT" in the Mail and Empire.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS.

serial for their magazine, and the story has created great discussion. It is a novel of English political and social life of to-day, and so keen was Mr. Zangwill's power in forecasting the trend of political developments in the recent history of the Transvaal war that he has been accused of plagiarizing history. The New York "Times" says, however, "Mr. Zangwill is too clever to make a novel out of newspaper clippings. It was the war that copied Mr. Zangwill, not Mr. Zangwill who copied the war." The press of Great Britain and the United States are unanimous in complimenting Mr. Zangwill on his remarkable book, and the Montreal "Herald," in reviewing the book, says: "Here we see the game of politics, the craft of statesmanship, the discussion of an empire's responsibility, its strength and weakness when faced with war. History may be said to have plagiarized Zangwill, for the novel was conceived and worked out long before the Empire was involved in the Boer embroglio. . . . Of a truth it would seem there is yet virtue in the mantle of Elijah, and that prophecy has not died out in Israel." Issued in a handsome cloth edition by W. J. Gage & Co., with numerous full-page illustrations, it makes an elegant holiday gift.

Margaret Sangster's charming volume, *Winsome Womanhood*, appears this week from the Revell press. It is a dainty, refreshing series of talks about the life and conduct of girls, young and grown up. The illustrations are photographic studies from life of beautiful young women, reproduced in sepia from pictures by W. B. Dyer, whose success in photographic illustrations is notable. The pages of the book are decorated with exquisite initial pieces, copies of famous delicate lace handkerchiefs. Mrs. Sangster, the author, is editor of a department in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. For ten years she was editor of *Harper's Bazar*. She has been a writer ever since she was a child. The *Atlantic Monthly* published one of her first poems, written in her early twenties. Mrs. Sangster feels that her special message is to the women of this land, and her devoted love is given to young women. As a member of the American committee of the Y.W.C.A., she frequently addresses large audiences. She writes with ease and spontaneity, never finding her work other than delight. But she says she takes more pride in her good housekeeping than in her authorship.

The Copp-Clark Company (Limited) have issued the menu of their "Feast of Good Things" for 1900—in other words, their catalogue of Christmas books. It is a neatly arranged pamphlet of forty pages, relieved by occasional illustrations, and should be in the hands of all book-buyers and book-lovers before making purchases for themselves or their friends this Christmas. An enumeration of the books published by the Copp-Clark Company would be conclusive proof that they are bringing out many of the best books in the market—quality being estimated either from the standpoint of literary merit or beauty of design.

The press has already felt the fascination of Maurice Hewlett's new novel, *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, a *Coeur de Lion* story. His *Forest Lovers* was a beautiful production, but this one is greater. The New York "Tribune," that worthy New York journal, said of it in a recent issue: "It is a remarkable work. We started by praising it for its portraiture of Richard. We end by praising it for the same thing. Also for its romantic glamor; for its rich, nervous style; for its penetrating glimpses into the characters of all those historic individuals and historic types who surround the hero; for its humor, and for its originality." This

is also from the Copp-Clark Company.

A beautiful book, especially suited for a Christmas gift, and published by the same firm, is *A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath*, by James Lane Allen; price \$2. This is a new edition in one volume, with 100 quaint illustrations by Hugh Thomson. Bound in polished cardinal cloth, with special cover design in gilt. Each copy boxed. In his new preface to this new edition, Mr. Allen reveals his methods of work, and talks in a delightfully personal way of Kentucky, the source and inspiration of all his stories.

The Copp-Clark Company have brought out also Barrie's book, *Tommy and Grizel*. Poor Tommy! Sentimen-

tal little touches, and back to brightness again before one has had time to become too grave. The friendship between the heroine and a little "newsie," whom her carriage accidentally crushes, is prettily human, and their conversations, though half constructed of street-waif lore, are delightfully refreshing.

That Miss Braddon's new novel, *The Infidel*, is selling by tens of thousands in England is a sufficient proof that the public there, who know her so well, still have faith in her. In *The Infidel* she has not disappointed them. It is an admirable piece of work of sane and sound fiction. There is no morbidity about it, and no mere playing



I DRESSED UP.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL."

tal Tommy to the last! Everybody will read about him, for he is the talk-of of two continents. Men will scowl as they read (that is, manly men), and wish they had a club and Tommy at hand to dispose of. Women too, will resent Tommy, though a few soft-hearted will pity and excuse him, even as they did the criminal Birchall, only because they do not grasp the enormity of crime. But everybody will love Grizel, a modern Psyche, who slaughtered her soul because of her capacity to idealize. Tommy, her god, was in reality only a weak, vain, detestable man, but she could not see it, even at the last.

From the books published by the Copp-Clark Company we select several specially timely in view of the holiday buying. First, there is the new Christmas story by Paul Leicester Ford, that to remind one of Janice Meredith is to assure the sale of Ford's new book, apart from its own merits, which are great. The story is not long. It is one that could easily be read during a winter evening, and finished before the fire dies in the grate. It is an ideal story for reading aloud in one's intimate innercircle; a love tale, yet not too sentimental; such a changeable story—drifting so prettily from fun to

to the gallery. It does not, so to speak, leave an unpleasant taste in the mouth. You are introduced to the gaiety of London in the days of George II. You pass, by the aid of the writer's genius, through many varieties of life. But the tendency of the book is pure and wholesome. Miss Braddon knows the world and knows human nature. The *London "Daily News"* says: "The romance is written with Miss Braddon's accustomed vigor and picturesqueness. The scenes are dashed in boldly." The *London "Academy"* says: "The style is singularly finished. . . . It were to be wished that many a young impressionist showed the feeling for good English, which is a Braddonian tradition. . . . the period that of George II., has been carefully studied." In *Canada Miss Braddon's great romance* has not only captured her admirers of years ago, but has made her a new circle of readers, many of whom are unacquainted with the long series of novels with which she has entertained the world. Especially among clergymen, has there been a large sale of the book. The *Methodist Magazine* says: "We wonder what John Wesley would think of himself as a character in romance. He had not the horror of imaginative literature which some of his followers have exhibited. It is well known that he edited an edition of *Broke's The Fool of Quality*, as well as wrote a commentary on *Shakespeare*, both of which his less large-minded executors suppressed. It is significant of the more strenuous thought of the period that some of the most successful tales of the times have had distinctly religious subjects as *The Christian*, *The Master Christian*, and now *Miss Braddon's Infidel*. The heroine of this story, the daughter of a London renegade clergyman and hack writer, was brought up steeped in the free thought of Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists. By a romantic event she becomes the wife and widow of an Irish lord. She flaunts it amid the gayest devotees of fashion. But she comes under the power of Methodism, and especially under the personal spell of John Wesley. The potent example of Methodist zeal in saving the bodies, as well as the souls, of men breaks down her prejudice and leads to her acceptance of the evangelical religion. A vivid picture of the times is given of the torchlight preaching of Whitfield, the sordid wretchedness of the poor, and the heartless frivolity of the rich. The transforming power of Methodist teaching and practice are strikingly set forth in this remarkable tale.

When Joseph Conrad commenced to write *Lord Jim* the story was intended to be a short one for *Blackwood's Magazine*, but the New York *Times Saturday Review* says: "It is an illustration of the way in which the work of the true artist masters the workman. Lord Jim would have its way in spite of Mr. Conrad. It would preserve its own length, and Mr. Conrad was powerless to shorten it. All of which is a good thing for the public." Although this is strong praise, it is not confined to one paper for the leading British journals are equally enthusiastic. The *London "Athenaeum"* says: "Clever as Joseph Conrad's work has always been, he has written nothing so good as *Lord Jim*. . . . It is a story of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, written by a remarkable hand, and it is a story that well deserves to live." Published by W. J. Gage & Co.

Among Canadian writers Miss Joanna E. Wood is in the foremost rank, and in her latest novel, *A Daughter of Witches*, she has added to her laurels. Well and popularly known as a contributor to many leading magazines, she also aspires to a first place as a no-

velist, and *A Daughter of Witches* certainly places her star in the ascendant. Her *Judith Moore* was a pastoral, sincere and strong, and her truthfulness to nature raised the book above the common crowd. In *A Daughter of Witches* she develops many definite types of character that are well wrought out, and in portraying these she shows unusual insight. Published by W. J. Gage & Co.

A remarkable presentation of the fateful problem of womanhood in India is contained in two books just published by Fleming H. Revell Company. *The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood*, by Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, is an "American" woman's statement of the case. Mrs. Fuller's volume might almost be called *Uncle Tom's Cabin of Indian women*. It is a thrilling plea for their rescue from the bondage of awful customs. The *Story of Pandita Ramabai*, by Helen S. Dyer, is a sketch of a typical native woman, one who has triumphed over her surroundings and is attempting to help her oppressed sisters. Both books are amply illustrated.

Three very dainty little volumes, newly from the Revell press, are called *Unto Him*, *For Eyes That Weep*, and *For Hearts That Hope*. Bishop John H. Vincent has written *Unto Him*. He calls his sub-title *A Simple Study About Coming to Christ Jesus*. For *Eyes That Weep* bears the authorship of the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Smith, a noted Congregational minister of St. Paul. The Rev. Dr. James C. K. McClure, author of *Environment*, and president of the Lake Forest University, writes the third volume of the series, *For Hearts That Hope*. The books are uniformly bound in a series the publishers call *Ideal Messages*.

The Origin of a Scandal

"Said Mrs. A. To Mrs. J. In quite a confidential way: 'It seems to me That Mrs. B. Takes too much—of something—in her tea.'"

"And Mrs. J. To Mrs. K. That night was overheard to say She grieved to touch Upon it much, But Mrs. B. took—such and such!"

"Then Mrs. K. Went straight away, And told a friend, the self-same day, 'Twas sad to think— Here comes a wink— 'That Mrs. B. was fond of drink.'"

"The friend's disgust Was such she must Inform a lady, 'which she nussed.' 'That Mrs. B. At half-past three, Was that far gone she couldn't see.'"

"This lady we Have mentioned, she Gave needle-work to Mrs. B. And at such news Could hardly choose But further needle-work refuse."

"Then Mrs. B. As you'll agree, Quite properly—she said, said she, That she would track The scandal back To those who made her look so black."

"Through Mrs. K. And Mrs. J. She got at last to Mrs. A. And asked her why, With cruel lie, She painted her so deep a dye."

"Said Mrs. A. In sore dismay, 'I no such thing could ever say. I said that you But stouter grew On too much sugar—which you do.'"

—Ex.



"Young man, can you support a family?" "I only want your daughter, sir."

The fact that most of the people who make fools of themselves do so unconsciously saves the world a great deal of pain.

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The Human Body a Bundle of Nerves

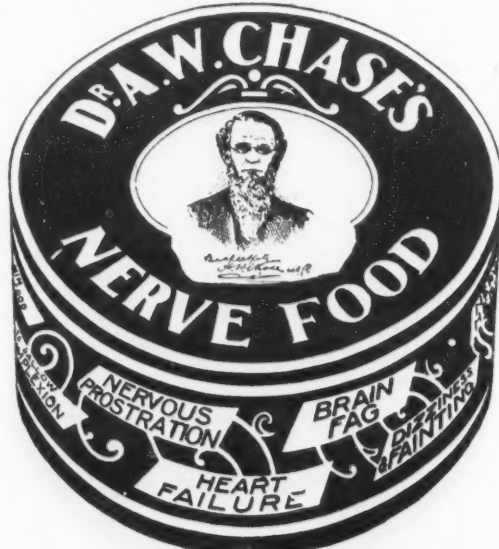
Without that vital force supplied by the nervous system, the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are powerless to perform their functions, and hence it is that weak, starved and exhausted nerves result in such derangements as cause indigestion, nervous dyspepsia and headache; tired, languid and despondent feelings; loss of energy and ambition; fear to venture and incapacity for business; nervousness, weakness, debility and general break-down of the body.

The human body is a bundle of nerves and the whole system is instilled with nerve energy and vitality when the nerves are revitalized by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Through this great restorative prescription, Dr. A. W. Chase has made it possible to cure the most serious cases of nervous disease. This great food cure tones and invigorates the system as no preparation was ever known to do.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

The wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and the consequent popularity which it has attained, has given rise to numberless imitations; but instead of being genuine food cures, these preparations contain poisonous drugs, such as morphine, cocaine and aconite, which relieve by deadening the nerves, but do not nourish them back to health and build up new nerve tissue, as does Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

As you value your life and health, beware of these worth less imitations. On every box of the genuine will be found a portrait and facsimile signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the best guarantee as to quality which any preparation can possibly have. This out of the box is given for your guidance. Insist on having the genuine, and do not under any circumstances accept substitutes of any description. 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

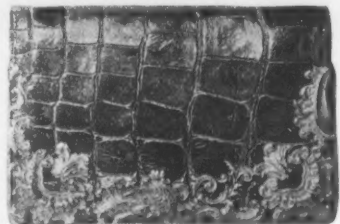




Finger Purses

No. 691—Real Morocco, Black, Brown—\$1.15, \$1.25
No. 692—Real Seal Black—\$1.10, \$1.15
No. 693—Real Alligator, Grey, Tan, Chocolate, Cement, Green—\$1.15

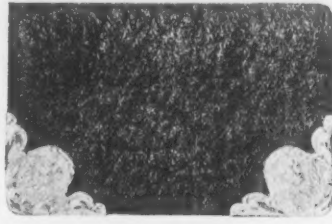
INITIAL
OR
MONOGRAM
ARE
THE
NEWEST IN
MOUNTINGS



Real Alligator Purses

Made in Blue, Grey, Brown, Tan, Heliotrope, Plum Green
No. 695—Wide design Calf Lined, Alligator tipped—Price, \$3.50
No. 696—Same style as 695, narrow design—Price, \$3.50

Sterling
Silver
Initials
PRICES
25c.,
50c.,
\$1.00



Real Seal Purses

Made in Chocolate, Grey, Green, Black Tan, Cedar, Cement, Brown.
No. 697—Seal Lined, Calf Tipped, price \$3.50
No. 698—Calf Lined, Seal Tipped, wide design, price \$3.50
No. 699—Same as 698, narrow design, price \$3.50

Brass
Initials
PRICES
25c.,
50c.



Real Sea Lion

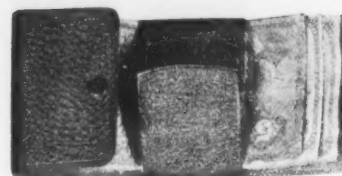
The rich heavy markings of Sea Lion make it the finest of the season's productions.
No. 694—Calf Lined, very handsomely finished, deep frame, price \$4
Grey, Tan, Mode.

The Initial
adds so
much to the
effect of
the Purse.
Used on all
designs for
this
season



Finger Purses

Sea Lion - \$2.25, \$2.50
Walrus - \$1.75, \$2.00
Tan, Black, Mode, Grey.



Men's Bill Folds

REAL MOROCCO 50c.
REAL SEAL 75c.
REAL SEAL, CALF LINED 1.00
REAL PIGSKIN 1.00
REAL WALRUS 1.50
For string Silver Fasteners add 15c.

Men's
Portsea
Change
Purses
40, 50, 60c.
Pass Cases
Real
Morocco
\$1.25



Stamp Cases

With waxed paper to prevent sticking.
Easily carried in card-case.
Prices—15c., 25c., 35c.

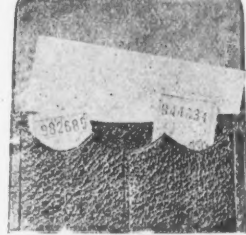
Memo-
ran-
dums
IN FANCY
LEATHERS
60c., 75c.



Photograph Cases

WITH CELLULOID FRONT
CABINET, CARTE, CARTE DE VISITE SIZES
With stand on back as in Cut, prices—
75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50
Double, for carrying in pocket, prices—
\$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2
Mention Size, Leather and Color when ordering.

Traveling
Pockets
GREY or BROWN
\$1.00
Neck
Pockets
25c.



Ticket Holders

In all the Fine Leathers
Same as in cut 35c. With three ticket pockets large enough to hold gent's card 50c. Other styles, 10c., 15c.

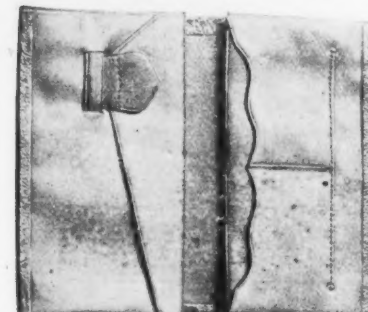
Chatelaine Bags

Patent Leather, \$1
Seal Grain, \$1.50, \$2
Morocco, \$2, \$2.50
Real Seal, \$3, \$3.50
Real Alligator, \$4



Novelty Ink Bottles

Strathcona Hat
In grey or brown, price 35c.
Large Football Bag, Small, 25c.
Travelling Bag, 25c.
Unique Designs, 25c., 35c., 50c., \$1, \$2



Men's Card Cases

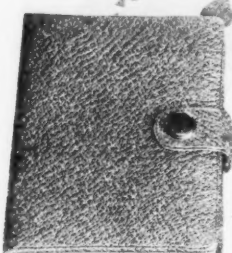
REAL SEAL, \$1.25 REAL MOROCCO, \$1.10
In Black, Chocolate, Grey, Tan
Calf Lined \$1.50, \$1.75

Men's Bill Books

\$1, \$1.25, \$2, \$3, \$4

Men's Let- ter Cases

\$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4



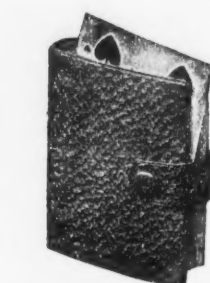
Traveling Cribbage Set

In compact form for Traveling
Complete with Boards, Pegs and Gilt-
Edged Cards.



Traveling Cribbage Set

Real Morocco (OPEN) \$2.00
Real Seal 2.50
Real Sea Lion 2.75
Real Alligator 3.00



PLAYING CARD CASES

IN THE FINE LEATHERS
Complete with counters
and gilt-edge cards.
Real Crushed Calf, \$1
Real Morocco, \$1
Real Seal, \$1.25
Real Pigskin, \$1.50
Real Sea Lion, \$1.75
Real Alligator, \$2
With Sterling Buttons.

Men's Stick Pin Cases

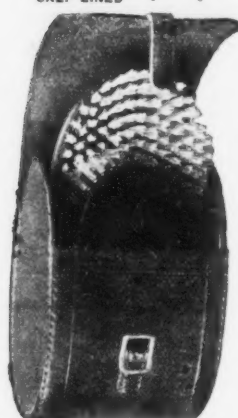
In All Colors

REAL MOROCCO, \$1.25
REAL SEAL, \$1.50



Ladies' Writing Folios

No. 701/3—Real Morocco, Price \$3.50
No. 700/3—Real Seal, Price \$7
No. 703/7—Bison Leather, Price \$13
Other prices, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$5, \$6, \$9, \$10, \$12



CIGAR AND CIGAR- ETTE CASES

75c., \$1,
\$2, \$3,
\$3.50,
\$4, \$5.

Military Brushes Rosewood and
Real Ebony, Solid Back \$1, \$1.50
Clothes Brushes - \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2



Drinking Glasses In Pigskin
Lined, Three Sizes. Prices, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2

THE JULIAN SALE

Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 King Street West

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

No. 6 S

64-pages of suggestions for gifts
sent on request



Bird's eye view of our Establishment

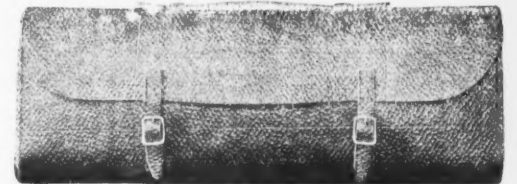
Ordering by Mail from the Catalogue or
from this paper will be to your entire
satisfaction.

We personally select the very best
values for our mail order customers.

We prepay delivery charges, so that you
are at no further expense.



Ladies' Shopping Bags No. 364, Grain Leather, Olive or Black, Leather Lined, Outside Pockets. Prices, 9 in.—\$3.25; 10 in.—\$4.50. No. 363, Real Morocco, same style as in cut, 9 in.—\$4.25, 10 in.—\$5.50. Other Prices—\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5.



Music Holders Solid Leather, stiff ends, in Olive, Tan, Black, Orange. No. 706, price \$1.25. No. 704, Seal, Grain, Black, price \$1.75. Other prices, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4.

Flat Collar and Cuff Cases



Strap Leather, Olive, Brown, Orange - \$1.50
Seal, Grain, Black, Green - 2.00
Real Morocco, Black, Green - 3.00
Real Seal, Black, Brown, Chocolate - 4.00



Flasks

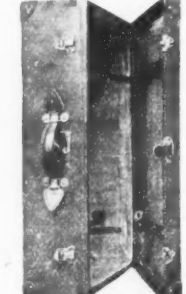
Baronet
\$3,
\$3.50,
\$4,
\$4.50
Screw
top
75c.,
\$1,
\$1.25,
\$1.50
Sizes
1 1/2 pt.
to
3 pts.

Collapsible Drinking Cup in Leather Case

50c., 60c.
Horn Cups
25c., 35c.,
50c., 60c.

Mirrors in Leather Case

75c.



Suit Cases

No. 900—Steel Frame, Muslin Lined, 21 in.—\$5.
No. 901—Same as 900, 1 inch deeper, 21 in.—\$6.
No. 902—Sewed in Steel Frame, Lined as in Cut, with Shirt Pocket, 21 in.—\$7.50
No. 903—As in cut, same as 902, 1 inch deeper, 21 in.—\$8.50
OLIVE OR RUSSET LEATHERS Initialed as desired free.

DRESSING CASES for LADIES or GENTLEMEN

\$5, 6, 8,
\$9, \$10

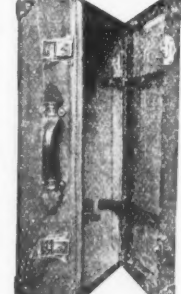


"Tako Grass" Baskets

8, 9, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2 inch Sizes.
LARGEST SIZE WEIGHS ONLY 6 oz.
Light yet very strong and durable.

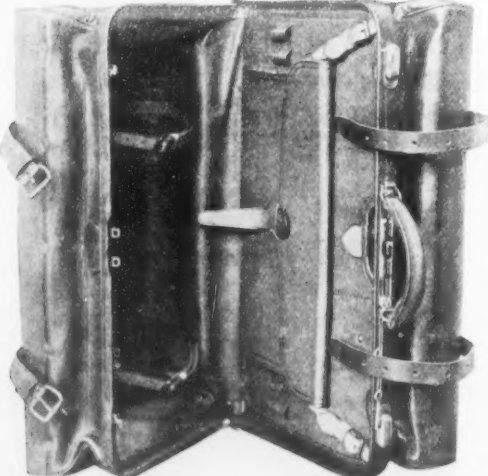
Jewel Cases for Ladies

\$2.50, \$3,
\$3.50, \$5, \$6,
\$8, \$10, \$12



Suit Cases

Style No. 904—Heavy sewed frame, Lined shirt pocket, lock catches as in cut, 21 in., \$10
Style No. 905—Same as 904 1 in. deeper, \$11
No. 906—Same as 904, Leather Lined, \$12
No. 907—Same as 906, Leather Lined, \$13
OLIVE OR RUSSET LEATHERS Initialed as desired.



Traveling Bags

Bellevue Bag, made of special Oil-Tanned Leather, soft gussets, stiff sides. Price, 20 in. \$20, 22 in. \$22, 24 in. \$24.

Deep Club Bags

Grain Leather, Olive or Brown, Leather Lined, sewed frame, 16 in. \$7.50, 18 in. \$8.

Gentleman's Club Bag

In Olive or rich Natural Grain, Black, Leather Lined, sewed frames, 16 in. \$7, 18 in. \$7.50.



Style, Nos. 953 and 954.

Fitted Dressing Bags

No. 953—Olive Grain Leather, Real Ebony Brushes, Sterling or Nickel Trimmings—
No. 20—\$28
No. 954—Same as 953, Olive Grain Black—
No. 21—\$29
No. 957—Ladies' Fitted Club—Ebony solid back Hat and Cloth Brush; Nickel or Sterling Bottle Tops.
OLIVE GRAIN BLACK
No. 12—\$20. No 18—\$21.

Fitted Suit Case

Olive or Russet; Ebony Brushes; Nickel or Sterling Top Buttons.
PRICES, \$30 or \$38



Deep Club Bag No. 931, Natural Grain, Black, Steel Frame, 16 in.—\$10; 18 in.—\$11. Olive Leather, Sewed Frame, 16 in.—\$9; 18 in.—\$10.